MRS. HUMMING BIRD'S DOUBLE

AND OTHER NATURE STORIES

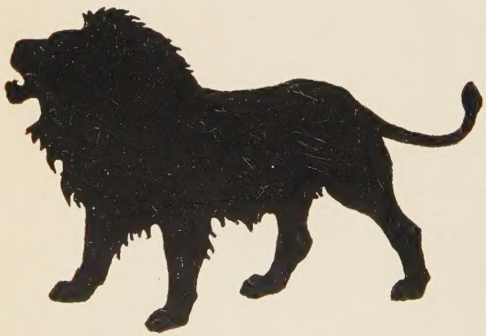
FRANCES JOYCE FARNSWORTH

Mrs. Humming Bird's Double

And Other Nature Stories

By
FRANCES JOYCE FARNSWORTH

THE art of clothing the facts of the world of nature in the pleasing garb of a story is here displayed with refreshing attractiveness. The children are acquainted with many of the forms of animal life here described and will be delighted to learn many things about them that they never knew or imagined. Mrs. Farnsworth presents the information in a fashion that the child cannot resist, the charm of the story-telling carrying the instruction naturally and irresistibly. In the sixteen chapters we meet the lion, the fly, the camel, the emmet, the moth, the Portuguese man-of-war, the elephant, and other more or less familiar nature folk, and in all of them the children will be keenly interested.



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Ricky, Pete and Elizabeth Ann.

Hope you'll enjoy
these stories.

Frances Joyce Farnsworth

BY FRANCES JOYCE FARNSWORTH

MRS. HUMMING BIRD'S DOUBLE, AND OTHER NATURE STORIES

BABY HIPPO'S JUNGLE JOURNEY

MR. POSSUM VISITS THE ZOO, AND OTHER NATURE STUDIES

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"Leo was charging! He was fairly hurling himself upon a huge rhinoceros."

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and

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FRANCES JOYCE FARNSWORTH

Illustrated by George A. King

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TO MY LITTLE MOTHER
MAY THERESA GREENWOOD

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"Leo was charging! He was fairly hurling himself upon a huge rhinoceros." ..... *Frontispiece*

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"'We will start to-night,' said the mother camel to her baby. . . . 'In the coolness of the night we will travel far.'" 38

"'I would not hurt you,' said Mrs. Humming Bird, for she saw now that her double was afraid of her." 62

"'Well, be a baby then,' snapped Rogue. 'I must be getting on,' And he started to run." 82

"Then there came such a crashing through the branches, and scrambling down in front of her was Iggie Iguana." 100

THE KING OF BEASTS DEFENDS HIS CROWN

"LEO, the lion, and his mate, Felis, had their home in the peak of a steep, rocky hill, well hidden by a dense thorn thicket," Auntie began. "'*Felis* Leo' is another name for 'lion,' so I thought it would be interesting to call the father lion Leo and the mother lion Felis.

"From their doorway they could look out over the sandy plain and see herds of striped zebras, long-necked giraffes and ostriches as they came down to the water hole to drink. The thorn thicket and the rocks were so like the yellowish brown of Leo's soft fur coat that he could slip noiselessly upon his soft, padded feet almost to the water's edge without being seen, provided the wind was right! For the creatures that furnished food for Felis and Leo depended not so much upon their sense of hearing and sight as upon their sense of smell.

"To-day Leo must hunt. As the man of the house it was his duty to keep the family well provided with food. Felis was busy with the babies now. They used to hunt together out upon the plain, Felis starting up the game and driving it past the spot where Leo lay hidden. But now he had to hunt alone. Hiding at the water pool

was the easiest way, although it must not be done too often or the wild creatures would become alarmed.

"Leo and his kind liked the night for work and the day for rest. But the pantry was empty and Felis had a hungry light in her eyes, so Leo decided to go early and hide himself at the pool, there to wait until dusk and the coming of the herds. A few steps from his doorway he disappeared into the thicket.

"None knew better than Felis that the pantry was empty, for she lay chewing upon the last bone. Her long flat tongue was rough, like a coarse rasp, and as she licked the bone every shred of meat was scraped away. She hoped that Leo would be lucky to-night. He had been so unfortunate. She looked sadly at the now well-polished bone between her paws.

"And then a little sound made her turn. The babies were waking, her two little cubs! She smiled a lion smile. How she did love the cunning, clumsy, little woolly fellows! And as they came tumbling over her she decided to take them out into the sun while Leo was away. She never had done so when he was there, for there was something peculiar about them, something that she didn't understand, and anyway Leo had enough to worry him—finding food for them, now that she could not get away.

"So, one by one, she carried her babies into the sun at the mouth of the cave. They were such darlings! And yet—it was almost unbelievable—they had stripes on their backs! She could never remember seeing a lion

with stripes and she dreaded to think that her babies might be queer or different! Leo didn't know and she would not tell him. When Leo paused to admire his babies she would drape her long tail over them to hide the stripes. But they were healthy, so it was foolish to worry.

" 'Hello,' piped a voice from above the cave. 'And here are the babies!' Felis was not fond of being surprised, so she made a soft rumbling sound far back in her throat. 'Oh,' said her caller, 'it's only Molly Monkey. You know I wouldn't hurt the dears, and I am not afraid of you either. I can move so quickly. I just wanted to see the babies and I knew Leo was away, for I saw him going. I was up in the top of that scrubby old tree yonder. Giraffes bother us more than lions, for they eat the tops of our trees, but as long as there are any trees about we feel quite safe. Now, don't be angry with me, please. If you roar, it may frighten away your supper down at the pool.'

"Felis smiled in spite of herself. 'I've no intention of roaring. But you should decide where to run if Leo should come back. He's getting hungry!'

" 'I know,' nodded Molly, as she brushed her nice coat of black-and-white fur with its long white fringes on the side. She wore a white crescent on her forehead, a white beard, and a white and orange waistcoat. 'That Leo of yours is a very poor husband. But there, don't get excited,' and Molly took a backward step toward her scraggly tree, 'I'm really telling this to you for your own

good. It makes me so provoked to hear Leo spoken of as the king of beasts when he can't even climb a tree! King of beasts! The idea! He is a coward. Do you think he would ever attack an elephant or a rhino? I should say not! He pounces upon creatures that are no match for him. He sneaks along the water holes and leaps at them before they have a chance to run!'

" 'How dare you talk so?' snarled Felis. 'How dare you?'

" 'I'm not afraid of the king of beasts,' said Molly, scornfully. Just then they heard a roar from the water holes. 'Hear him,' mumbled Molly. 'He roars and paralyzes the poor silly creatures with fear. That's one of his tricks.' But her voice was drowned by the sounds that drifted up from the water holes. Strange bellows and cries filled the air and the scene was hidden by dust from hundreds of flying feet.

"Felis took her babies back into the shelter of the cave. She was hungry. Would Leo never come? Hours later he entered stealthily and dropping before her a tortoise from the bog holes, he wearily stretched out upon the hard, dry floor.

" 'I'm sorry,' he said. 'Tough luck again. I leaped for a calf gemsbok. A pretty herd was there. Sleek and fat with soft coats of gray, black and brown. I seldom attack them, for with those long straight horns they are dangerous. The calf looked easy, but just as I leaped an old gemsbok whirled and caught me with the full force of his four-foot horns. I've an ugly gash on

my shoulder. That accounts for our poor supper, Felis, we'll hope for better luck to-morrow.'

"Felis said nothing, but she was thinking. Leo had let a gemsbok, an antelope, cheat her out of her supper. What if it was a heavy, stout animal, it was not as strong as a lion! She remembered some of the things Molly, the clever little Diana monkey, had told her. After all, was Leo the king of beasts?

"Stiff shoulders are bad hunting companions, and Leo brought but little food in the days that followed. Small game that ordinarily Felis despised she now ate hungrily. But on some days there was not even small game. Ugly thoughts crept into her mind. They made her angry. Leo did not love his family. He was a coward. She decided to leave the babies and hunt for food herself. She left when they were asleep. Almost at once she was hidden from sight in the scrubby underbrush. But bad luck awaited her. The herds that passed were nervous and went careening madly away before they were near her. Patiently she watched and waited, moving stealthily to better hiding places. But all too soon her time was gone. She must turn back to the babies—they would be waiting. She was hungry, tired, and discouraged.

"And then a maddening roar seemed to rock the world. Familiar as was the sound it frightened her. It was near the cave. For a moment she felt almost too weak to move! And then she came upon the conflict. Leo was charging! He was fairly hurling himself upon

a huge rhinoceros. She had never seen such a thing before. The dust of battle hid the scene for a moment and then she saw it all! The babies had wakened and, in her absence, had strayed out into the sunshine, where a passing rhinoceros with an ugly disposition was about to trample them. But Leo had come in time! He was not fighting the rhinoceros for food, but to save his young. Felis knew that a lion would have a great struggle with so huge a beast, but that two lions could put him to rout with ease. So she threw herself upon him. The great beast, startled at the attack, was glad to shake himself free and move away, and Leo and Felis turned to their babies, rejoicing that they were safe.

" 'Oh, Leo,' said Felis, as they herded the little cubs toward the cave, 'you are so brave! I am so proud of you!'

"Leo laughed. 'I'd fight anything that lives for you or the little fellows,' he answered, easily. 'Of course,' he continued, 'it would be foolish to attack such great monsters just for fun or for food. You and the babies need me, so I can't take unnecessary risks. After we get these little mischiefs safe at home again I want you to come and help bring up that fine young gemsbok calf. I got it this evening. We'll have a feast. But look,' and he bent over one of the cubs.

"Felis shivered. It was the stripes! Would he be worried? Was there something really the matter with their two darling babes? 'Why, Felis,' he cried joyfully, 'would you look? The little fellows are striped!

My mother often used to tell me that I had stripes on my back when I was a cub. Lion babies often do but they soon fade away. I had almost forgotten.'

" 'And they will look like us?' begged Felis. 'Oh, I'm so glad. I didn't know. And now they are quite all right.'

" 'All right,' repeated Leo, 'they're perfect! As soon as they are old enough we'll teach them to hunt. In three or four years they will go out and make homes of their own. We'll teach them to be loyal and brave!'

" 'Oh, Leo,' said Felis, happily, 'if they just grow up to be like *you!* For you *are* the king of beasts!' "

"It's queer," said Bob. "An animal is a coward if it doesn't fight everything, but a man is not supposed to risk his life unnecessarily. A man would be called foolish who did, unless it was for something really worth while. Old Leo proved he could fight when he thought he had something worth fighting for. How long do lions live, auntie?"

"Fifty years is considered an average length of life for them. They are very faithful. They love their home and will not leave it unless forced to do so for want of food or because of danger. A single pair often spend their lives in one den. They are related to your kitty, Beth, for cats and lions belong to the same family, 'Felis.' All of this family are able to draw back their claws into the cushions on their feet."

"I've often watched kitty do that," said Beth, "but I didn't suppose lions could do it, too."

"It is one of the most important points of similarity. It helps to keep their claws always sharp and their footsteps noiseless."

"How many different animals belong to the family?" Bob asked.

"A great many, Bob—over forty, and, large or small, they are much alike in habits and form. All are flesh eaters. Sometime we will learn more about the family. Who tells to-morrow's story? I know you have some ready."

"I will," said Bob. "It is going to be about Thousands of Eyes."

"It must be the sky," said Beth, "but I think the sky has more stars than that."

"Not such a bad guess," laughed Bob, "but you are wrong. You'll find out to-morrow."

THOUSANDS OF EYES

"I SAW him," began Bob, "and he was a strange creature. There were so many things about him that looked like other animals. He reminded me of an elephant and of a pig; and he had wings! He moved like a flash with his three pairs of legs, each with two claws and all covered with hairs and bristles. There was no escape from him, for he could run anywhere, straight up the steepest walls that not even a mountain goat would think of climbing, and then, of course, he could fly!"

Beth shrugged. "I don't think I would like to see him. Just imagine a creature that looked like an elephant and a pig, with bristles, and claws and wings!"

But Bob only laughed. "It's true though," he added. "He told me his name was 'Dippy,' short for 'Diptera,' his family name. 'It may be taking liberties,' he explained, 'but the family is so large it will never care—and Dippy sounds more friendly, I think.' I said that I thought so too, and asked him why they called his family by such a queer name. He wasn't sure just why, but he said it meant that no member of his family ever had more than two wings and that they never bothered to fold them.

"But the strangest thing about Dippy was his eyes. You would say he had two, but that would be because

you didn't know, for each eye was made up of thousands of smaller eyes, each of these having perfect sight. I asked him how many he had.

" 'I haven't counted them lately,' he said, 'and I really can't tell just how many thousands of little eyes there are in each big eye, but it is quite a good many—several thousand in each one—and I have relatives who have even more eyes than I have!' "

Beth giggled. "How funny! Bob, don't you remember that we were not to make up anything but the story part? Who ever heard of anything with thousands of eyes?"

"If you haven't, then it is high time you did," smiled Bob. "I am being very careful to tell only what is true about Dippy; but, of course, he didn't talk to me. We understand that that part is imagined.

" 'I have not always been like this,' he told me, as he sat in the sun, now and then picking up a few bits of tempting food with his proboscis. (It was the proboscis that reminded me of the elephant.) 'No, I have lived in other worlds, or so it seems. But I am happier now.' He raised one leg and began to clean the claws and bristles with great care. 'You will be surprised when I tell you that I was hatched from an egg! There were a good many of us. I suppose I had over one hundred brothers and sisters—and not a leg among us. Think of that! It's a real luxury to have six of them now. But the only thing we really needed then was a mouth, for all we wanted to do was to eat. We ate so fast that

we simply grew out of our clothes. We did this twice, I remember, and then we took a nap and I waked up like this. I suppose the others did too; I've never bothered to find out. Not only six legs, but two nice wings help to make life much happier for me. I just wonder what I'll turn into next. I really can't think of anything that would improve me!' But as he talked he seemed to be on a constant watch for something.

" 'Are you expecting friends?' I asked.

" 'No, enemies,' answered Dippy, 'mostly giants. Giants are always after me. They lay clever traps for me, but there is little I miss, for with all my eyes looking about all the time I am fairly safe.'

" 'But do you not work, Dippy? Do you not store away food for winter?' He only shrugged as if the thought were not a pleasant one.

" 'Where would I store it?' he asked. 'I haven't any home. I've not a nest or a den or a hole.' And then he chuckled. 'What is the need for me to have a storehouse? The whole world is my home, and it is full of things to eat.'

" 'But the winter,' I tried to explain, 'when it comes the world will be covered with snow and there will be no food.' He seemed to think very seriously for a moment, and then a few thousand of his eyes sparkled and he told me his brilliant idea.

" 'I have it,' he said, 'I have it. I'll come along and live with you. I'll do that very thing. Come on, there's a good fellow. Show me the way in.'

"It was sudden and I was quite startled, so I began to make excuses. Of course, really, it seems to me we might manage."

"No," interrupted Beth; "now, Bob, mother will never let you bring anything like *that* into the house."

"I didn't tell him that he could come," said Bob. "I made it very clear that although I might not object, my mother and my sister would be very much opposed to the idea. Although he insisted and pleaded with me, I told him that he must stay out.

"I wasted my time. He found his own way in, the rascal. 'Dippy,' I begged, 'go away.' But he would not listen.

" 'A real home at last!' he cried, and with a leap he was in the middle of our table gobbling up our food. He was so hungry that he stayed too long, and although one of his thousands of eyes had warned him, suddenly a great giant was upon him, and—*swatted* him!" Bob paused. "Poor old Dippy," he sighed, "but it served him right for house-breaking."

"A fly!" cried Beth.

"You're right," said Bob.

THE HONEY-GUIDE'S REVENGE

"MRS. BARBET peered into her nest," Auntie began. "Were there, or were there not, more eggs in it than when she had flown to the cool spring for a drink? 'I wish I were better at numbers,' she sighed. 'Dear me, were there three, or two, or only one? I cannot seem to remember. But the nest seems changed, and there certainly seem to be more eggs.'

" 'Do you think so?' piped a voice higher up in the tree.

"Mrs. Barbet raised her head at the sound. 'Ah, now I know it,' she said, sharply. 'Another Honey-Guide egg is in my nest. Why don't you go to work and make nests of your own, as I do, instead of passing the responsibility on to your neighbors? It seems to me you are simply shiftless. It isn't that I am hard-hearted. I'd be the last one to refuse to care for a poor little baby bird without a mother. But to have one dumped on me, when I'm not looking, just because its mother is too lazy to care for it—that is just too much!'

" 'I agree with you,' said Mrs. Honey-Guide, sweetly, as she came hopping down through the leafy branches. 'Do let us look, and if there is a strange egg, it will be easy to throw it out. We will look carefully. Now, is it this, or is it this, or is it this one?'

"Mrs. Barbet looked and sadly shook her head. 'For the life of me I do not know. No,' she said, sharply, 'don't throw out that one, or that one, or that one. They *might* be mine! Just let them all be. Suppose that in trying to throw out a strange egg I should throw out one of my own! After all, I would rather raise a dozen little Honey-Guides than risk losing one of my own precious baby Barbets.'

" 'When they hatch, you can tell,' said Mrs. Honey-Guide, wisely.

" 'Indeed I can,' said Mrs. Barbet. 'My babies will be beautiful. But yours, well, let us not mention it.'

" 'Oh, I know,' said Mrs. Honey-Guide. 'We are rather drab in color, perhaps.'

" 'You are lacking in charm of color or shape,' added Mrs. Barbet, sharply.

" 'But we make up for it by being clever,' said Mrs. Honey-Guide, calmly.

" 'I suppose you do,' said Mrs. Barbet; 'I suppose that is part of your excuse for putting your eggs into our nests. You may call it clever if you wish, but I have another name for it.' With that she fluttered into her nest and Mrs. Honey-Guide flew away.

"Honey-Guides were always putting their eggs into Barbets' nests. Mrs. Barbet felt very much abused. She did not care for the Honey-Guides. They did have strange reputations. It was known that they were on friendly terms with the Ratels.

" 'One is known by the company he keeps,' thought

Mrs. Barbet, wisely. 'I know the Ratels are not to be trusted, even if they do live on bees and honey. They would like a nice tender baby Barbet!' and she shuddered. 'I'll ask Mrs. Honey-Guide about it the very next time I see her.' And she did.

" 'Oh,' said Mrs. Honey-Guide, easily. 'Mr. Ratel helps me in my business. Didn't you know? For all they are badgerlike and go trotting around in black fur coats with iron-gray backs, I am not afraid of them and we get on splendidly. You see, I find the bees and call someone to help me. It may be Mr. Ratel, or—or someone else. Mr. Ratel does nicely. He digs out the bees and eats the honey and I get a fine dinner of larvæ, or the baby bees that haven't yet got their wings. I furnish the brains and he does the work. Mr. Ratel's fur is so thick that the bees do not hurt him when they sting. It works nicely, and I always know where I can find several members of the family when I need them.'

" 'You said Mr. Ratel or someone else,' said Mrs. Barbet, coldly. 'I suspected the Ratels. But who, pray, is the "someone else"? As long as you come here I feel that I have a right to know.'

" 'Of course you have. It's no secret. Those two-legged things called "men" are glad to help me, and I often call them when they are handy.'

"Mrs. Barbet almost flew from her nest in anger and amazement. 'Ooooooooh,' she shrilled, 'you bold, brazen thing! To think you would dare to have anything to do with those fearful creatures.'

" 'Why, of course. It's easy. I find a man and flutter about until he notices me. He knows what I want and he is only too glad to do his part. So I move on and he follows, and then I move a bit farther, and so on and on, until we reach the bees. Then he does the work and I get the grubs.'

"It was almost unbelievable and for a moment speech failed Mrs. Barbet. But when she spoke, Mrs. Honey-Guide knew that she meant every word she said. 'You will not come here again,' she said, slowly. 'I do not want to have anything to do with you or with the Ratels, or with men. You are a clever, lazy creature. Now please go!'

"She looked very grand as she spoke. Her feathers were brilliantly colored, showing violent contrasts of yellow, red, blue, and purple on a green background. But for her stout figure and heavy bill, somewhat swollen at the base and more or less beset with bristles, she might have been really handsome.

"Without reply Mrs. Honey-Guide spread her drab-colored wings and flew away. But the more she thought of the unkind things Mrs. Barbet had said the more angry she became.

" 'Always twitting me,' she thought, 'because I am not gaily clad. She is a conceited, stuck-up thing. Bright-colored, but gaudy, and wearing those dreadful whiskery things called barbs. She has no reason to feel so proud, for, after all, the thing most noticed about her is the ugliest. Her very name, "Barbet," comes from the barbs

or bristles on her face. Well, I'll get even with Mrs. Barbet! I just will!'

"When Mrs. Honey-Guide flew away without a word Mrs. Barbet began to feel more than a little ashamed. She remembered the unkind things she had said and she felt that she would now be far more happy if Mrs. Honey-Guide had said a few unkind things herself. She tried to excuse herself by remembering how very much she feared the Ratels and men. Men were too strange and the Ratels were certainly not to be trusted around baby birds.

" 'I was too outspoken,' she thought. 'I'll apologize when I see Mrs. Honey-Guide again. I really will.'

"But the days passed away and she did not see Mrs. Honey-Guide, and soon there were so many mouths to feed that she almost forgot about it. But Mrs. Honey-Guide did not forget.

"One day she found a bee tree not far beyond the Barbets' nest and she made a plan. She would lead a man past the tree where Mrs. Barbet lived. She would pause, and flutter about the tree, and give Mrs. Barbet a good fright for being so unkind. At once she set out to find a helper. A native sat before his hut in a small clearing, not far away, and choosing a tree nearby, Mrs. Honey-Guide set out to attract his attention. She fluttered from branch to branch, filling the air with shrill cries. The man stood up. He knew what this bird wanted, and he loved honey, so he answered with a whistle and started to follow.

"From tree to tree Mrs. Honey-Guide flitted along. It had been easy to attract this native, but she wished that he did not carry a lance. She did not wish to bring harm to the Barbets, and the natives were so clever with their lances. But it was too late to turn back; she might never find another bee tree so conveniently located. It was her chance to get even with Mrs. Barbet and she meant to do it.

"Mrs. Barbet was very busy these days filling hungry mouths. She flew silently back and forth with bugs and berries. But to-day, as she returned to her nest, something told her that danger lurked in the great tree. It might be a huge snake or a hungry leopard, and then through the flickering branches she saw a tawny yellow coat. Her heart stood still! What could she do? The babies must be asleep. Oh, if they would only not make a sound! There was nothing to do but wait; perhaps the creature would go away. And then she heard a familiar voice. Mrs. Honey-Guide was calling someone through the dense thicket. Her voice came nearer. Now she was almost at the tree. Now she was in it—fluttering, calling! She seemed to look down at someone. Mrs. Barbet looked down—and there was a *man* peering up into the branches! Suddenly he saw something in the tree and his hand tightened on his lance!

"When it was all over and the natives had carried away the great leopard that had hidden in Mrs. Barbet's tree, leaving the baby birds safe and sound in their little nest, Mrs. Barbet set out to find Mrs. Honey-Guide.

"'My dear,' she cried, 'how can I ever thank you? But for you, all I hold dear might have been destroyed. You came with help and at just the right time.'

"'Hush,' said Mrs. Honey-Guide, 'let me tell you—'

"'I will talk,' cried Mrs. Barbet. 'The other day you flew away without a word when I was so cruel and rude; and now you come and save my home and will not let me speak. Just tell me that you forgive me.'

"'Of course I do, but I must explain.'

"'You explain!' cried Mrs. Barbet; 'you have nothing to explain. I was wrong. I think you are splendid, Mrs. Honey-Guide—and men are wonderful, perhaps even the Ratels are not as bad as I have thought them to be.'

"'But I didn't——' began Mrs. Honey-Guide, desperately.

"'But you did! But for you the man would never have stopped under my tree. Let us be friends. I know now that it is more wonderful to be clever than to have all the beauty in the world.' She paused. 'Ah, there are the babes. I must go. Forgive me, for, after all, I am only a clumsy bird. Stop often as you pass.' And so she flew away.

"Mrs. Honey-Guide watched her go. As she flitted through the leaves she made a bright spot of color.

"'How pretty!' thought Mrs. Honey-Guide. 'Mrs. Barbet is really beautiful!'"

"Honey-Guides are wonderful," said Beth. "I didn't know there were such birds."

"Natives believe," explained Auntie, "that these birds purposely lead them to trees where leopards hide. Explorers, however, think it more likely that a leopard happens to be in a tree that they pass, and is discovered by the alert native. Beth, you have the story to-morrow. Tell us the title, so we can be thinking about it."

"I call it 'Glow, Gleam, and Glitter,'" said Beth, "and you'll have to guess what is so shining."

GLOW, GLEAM, AND GLITTER

"IT is my turn," said Beth, "and I have tried very hard to make a pretty story. It seemed to me that shining things would make one. I am going to tell you about three of them. They lived in the cool ground and their names were Glow, Gleam, and Glitter. In daytime they would look up at the great sun and think what a great shining thing it was in the sky! It was so bright that it put out the light of little Glow, Gleam, and Glitter, so they would rest during the day, and wait for the twilight and darkness. Then they were very happy, for in the darkness their little lights would glow and gleam and glitter.

" 'Oh, how we shine!' they would say. 'Isn't it wonderful to be shining things!' And so night after night they did their best to brighten the darkness with their tiny lights. But one evening, just after the sun had gone to bed, a very, very strange thing happened! Glow, Gleam, and Glitter had just started to glow and gleam and glitter in the gathering twilight when, suddenly, their lights went out!

" 'Oh, where is my light?' cried Glow; 'I have lost it!'

" 'Mine too is gone,' said Gleam. 'But, look—over there in the sky is another shining thing. Its light is so bright that ours cannot be seen. It is like the thing that shines by day, only it is not so bright.'

" 'Dear me,' said Glitter, 'are we to have no time

at all to shine? It is very unfair to have great shining things at night as well as day. If it were not so high, it might not shine so brightly. If we could only jump up, perhaps we could drive it away.'

" 'If we could jump up, our light might be so bright that it could not be seen,' said Gleam.

" 'We can never do that,' said Glow; 'this new shining one is very bright and beautiful. If our light cannot be seen, we can enjoy the light it makes. How soft and kind it is! It does not burn. I think it is beautiful.'

"But Gleam and Glitter would not enjoy the new light. They were very, very unhappy. All that Glow could think to tell them made them no happier. They knew they never would be glad again, until the shining one of night should go away. And at last all three hid themselves in the ground and went to sleep.

"When they wakened, they found that a wonderful change had taken place. 'Look,' cried Glow, 'oh, look. Am I myself, or am I someone else?'

" 'Oooooooh,' said Gleam, 'I too feel so very strange. What has happened?'

" 'I have six legs,' cried Glitter, 'six! And something is on my back! We all have! We were only shining worms when we slept and now we may be shining things to sail the sky.'

" 'With these long legs we can jump,' said Gleam.

" 'I shall jump high into the sky,' said Glitter, and drive away the shining thing that spoils the night.'

"So he jumped and found that he had something on his back. He had wings! They folded up neatly on his back. It was almost too wonderful! 'To think,' he said, 'that I should have wings! I never dreamed of anything so lovely.'

"And then Glow and Gleam found that they had wings too! At once they began to try to use them, and with the very first flutter they discovered another wonderful thing: tucked away under their wings was a clear, soft light which flashed as they flew. 'Oh,' they cried, 'we can jump, we can fly and we still shine!'

" 'I shall fly high into the sky, and drive away the shining thing that spoils the night,' said Gleam.

" 'I will go with you,' said Glitter.

"But Glow did not wish to go. There were far more jolly things to do and see, now that she had wings and legs. So Glow flew away alone, when darkness came, and Gleam and Glitter waited for the shining one to come, so that they might fly high into the air and drive him away forever.

"Glow met many friends, who were surprised to see what had happened to their little friend. Mrs. Moth was delighted with the lovely light that flashed when Glow flew among the grasses. 'How nice to have a light, like fire, that does not burn!' she cried. 'Real fire burns, but, oh, how all our people love it!'

" 'Will you show me home?' begged a little June Bug; 'it's my bedtime.' So Glow lighted little June Bug to her bed and flew away home. She had had such a pleas-

ant evening! And just as she was about to go to sleep the soft gentle light of the great shining one, that came at night, peeped over the hilltop. Gleam and Glitter had not come back. But the great light rose higher and higher into the sky. She could not see Gleam or Glitter rising to drive him away. Where could they be?

"Glitter came first. He was very tired. He had jumped so high; but the shining thing was so much higher. Then Gleam came, with a strange story to tell them. Something had chased him! He had been so frightened. He flew, but then his light shone out and the thing that tried to catch him knew just where he was. He wished that he did not have a light. He wished the shining one that came at night would come and hide his little spark. He crept through the grasses. And then he would be sure the creature that hunted him was almost upon him. In a panic he would fly, revealing his telltale light!

"Poor Gleam! He was almost frantic, when a soft, gentle glow of light spread over the sky, and the shining one that came at night peeped up over the hill. Gleam ran through the grasses, and as the light grew stronger and hid his own, he flew home.

" 'I am grateful to the shining one that comes at night,' he said; 'I will never again try to drive him away.'

" 'You are right,' said Glitter. 'His light is brighter than ours. We can shine on the nights when he does not.'

" 'There are so many jolly things to do,' said Glow,

sleepily. 'It is almost morning. Let us sleep, for tomorrow night we will have a lovely time.' And so Gleam, Glow, and Glitter lived happily among the grasses."

"I like your story," said Auntie. "I see, Beth, that you have been studying fireflies."

"We caught one last summer," Beth explained. "It is more like a little beetle than a fly. They are worms before they are fireflies. We found some of them in the ground and they had a soft glow of light about them at night."

"I had almost forgotten," said Bob, "but we did, Auntie. We didn't keep them after we had a good look at them. We put them back where we found them. I don't understand how they make the light."

"The light comes from cells of fat in the insect's body. These cells make a phosphorescent glow when the beetles fly. The eggs from which the worms hatch are luminous too. Have you read about the fireflies in the South, Beth?"

Beth nodded. "They are larger than ours and have a brighter light, bright enough to read by, and the little insects are often used for lanterns. Are there other shining things in nature, Auntie?"

"Insects are the only living things on land that have a light, but many creatures that live in the water carry lights in some form, especially deep-sea creatures. Tomorrow I will tell you a story of the desert. I call it 'Caravan Cradles.' "

CARAVAN CRADLES

"NOW for the desert!" said Auntie.

"It was a strange world to which Dromy, the baby camel, opened his eyes. One might have thought it was the ocean, for as far as the eye could see lay a gray expanse of ridgelike waves, like water. But now the waves were still, standing just as they had been tossed—motionless! Dromy blinked his eyes, for his home was not the ocean but the sandy desert, wind-ridged. The winds of the desert move and toss the sand, as the water of the ocean, where only ships can travel, is moved and tossed. Dromy was to be, when he was grown, the best traveler of the desert, for his people carried great loads across the desert, as ships carry people and burdens across the water. The camel has often been called the 'ship of the desert.'

"But now he was only a very young baby camel looking out across his great gray world with puzzled baby camel eyes, not knowing what lay ahead. His mother nuzzled him down between the sand ridges. 'Rest, little one,' she said, and her voice was sweet to her baby. 'All too soon you will be traveling over those drifts of sand mile after mile, on and on.'

"So the baby camel rested, except when he struggled to his feet for his milk. He tried to take a few steps, but the long slender things that held him up acted

strangely. 'I shall never learn to manage them, I am afraid,' he told his mother.

" 'It just takes time,' his mother told him gently, for she loved her baby camel and thought him beautiful, although no one else in the world would ever think so. 'Soon you will find it very simple—be patient.'

"During the day they lay on the hot sand, but at night, when the stars came out and the cold air settled down over the desert, he cuddled close to his mother to keep warm and she loved to feel him there so close beside her. His mother was a dromedary, the camel used for fast traveling. She had but one hump upon her back, and wore a coat of fine short hair.

"But their rest was soon to be over. The grass about the little spring was almost gone and the water was low. Now they must move on to the next watering place. At dusk a man, the chief, wearing a loose robe and with a white turban bound about his head, came to look over his possessions. Before his caravan started upon its way he must be sure that all was well. He looked over his camels carefully. He felt of their humps to see if they were well filled out, for the camel's hump is his storehouse. When he is healthy and in good flesh the hump will be large and well padded with fat. People thought at one time that the camel stored water in this strange hump, but they have learned now that this is a mistake. The camel's feet were examined, for they must be kept free from stones or anything that would injure them. When the man reached Dromy and his mother,

he was glad. Here was another camel for his caravan—the young of one of his finest and fleetest animals!

" 'We will start to-night,' said the mother camel to her baby. 'You will take your first trip, little Dromy. In the coolness of the night we will travel far.'

" 'But I cannot travel,' cried wee Dromy. 'My legs, they are far too wobbly. See,' and he struggled to his feet and stood weaving back and forth in a strange top-heavy fashion, his long neck outstretched. 'Oh, mother, will you leave me?'

"His mother was puzzled. It was true this baby could not yet run by her side. Would they try to make her start out and leave him? A fierce look came into her eyes. 'Never fear,' she said, softly; 'never fear. I will not leave you. Nothing can make me leave you.' Dromy snuggled down and slept.

"But the camp was now bustling with life. The long dark tents of the chief and his family were taken down. They were made of camel's hair cloth and could be rolled up easily. Gay rugs and bright cushions were made into bundles. The stars came out and a breath of fresh, cool air whispered over the sands. One after another the camels knelt for their burdens.

"Dromy, aroused by the confusion, opened drowsy eyes upon the strange sight. 'Do not leave me,' he cried.

" 'I will not,' said his mother. She wondered what her master would think of her when she should refuse to rise with her burden. But she would not go, for Baby Dromy was too young and she could not carry him. Per-

" 'We will start to-night,' said the mother camel to her baby. 'In the coolness of the night we will travel far."

haps they would beat her, but she would not move—she would stay there with her baby.

"But as she watched and thought, a great shaggy pack camel was brought before them and made to kneel for its burden. And upon its back with other great bundles was placed a hammock or cradle to carry a baby camel! The mother's eyes brightened. Why had she forgotten? Now she remembered. This was the way her little unsteady baby would be carried across the miles to the next watering place.

" 'See,' she said to Dromy, 'you will travel in a private car all by yourself on this camel and I shall follow close behind to see that all is well.'

"Very gently Dromy, the baby camel, was placed in his bed. His mother was loaded and soon the great caravan swung out over the desert. 'I am so sleepy,' called Dromy to his mother, 'I think I shall go to sleep. Good-night.'

" 'Good-night,' called back his mother. 'Sleep sweetly. Never fear. I am near you.'

"On and on they went to find a new spot of green beside a cool spring."

"I'm glad the baby camel was taken care of," said Beth. "But why did they not hang Dromy's cradle on his own mother's back, instead of on the back of a strange camel?"

"The baby had to be where the mother camel could see it. Had it been on her own back, she would have been restless and unmanageable. Camels are ugly and

stupid, but mother camels love their babies just as do other mothers that are more clever."

"Can't you tell us more about Dromy, Auntie?" begged Bob. "I'd like to hear about him as he grows up."

"I'd love to," said Auntie, "but to-morrow is your turn. Some other time I'll tell you more about our baby camel. What is the title of your story?"

" 'The Search for the Queen's Wings,' " Bob answered, "and I may have to tell two stories before I can tell it all."

THE SEARCH FOR THE QUEEN'S WINGS

Part I

"EMMET wandered about. The city in which she lived was large, and everyone who lived in it was related to her. The city was her home. It was such a large city that many thought there was no room for more relations.

"Emmet did not understand it. For one thing, she was very young and had not yet found what was to be her particular work in the city. So she wandered about the streets, talking to all who had time to talk to her.

"Very few would stop to talk, for it seemed that every one but Emmet knew just what she should be doing, and was doing it just as well and as fast as she could. There were so many hurrying through the streets! Some were carrying the babies out into the sunshine. Some were bringing in great loads of food. Others were cleaning and scrubbing.

"And then Emmet met the Queen! The Queen saw poor Emmet and paused to speak to her. 'Not busy?' she asked.

"Emmet shook her head. 'I have not yet found what I am to do,' she said sadly. 'I am looking for work, but have not yet found it. I would be grateful if you would tell me, dear Queen, what I should be doing.'

" 'Ah,' said the old Queen, 'you are just the one I am looking for. I have something for you to do. But I must first tell you about myself. Long ago I was young. I did not live here. The city in which I lived was very, very large. They said, as they say now, that there was no room for more. So, one day, I stepped out into the beautiful sunshine. I was young and I had a pair of wings, fine, strong, splendid wings! I decided to go away and build a city of my own.'

" ' "I will go away," I said. "Come, all that are young and strong, and will go with me. Come, all who are unafraid, who do not mind hardships, who are not afraid of work, come, come, come." There were many to go—many strong young workers like yourself, Emmet, and together we set out to make a new home of our own.

" 'They let me lead the way. They let me choose the spot. At last I found what seemed an ideal place for our home. I was wild with delight. I didn't want to fly. I wanted to work, work, work! So I unhooked my wings —they would only be in the way and become bruised and crushed. I started to build my house with my own hands. I did not act like a Queen then, but like a worker. At night I was tired, but so happy. Our city grew and grew. Now I am an old Queen and this is a great, strong city. I do not need to work. I have everything, but'—she paused a moment as if lost in thought—'my wings, my lovely, strong, beautiful wings! Emmet, that is what you can do. Go find my wings!'

"'I will try, your Majesty,' said Emmet. She set out at once. She asked all whom she met. The first were workers, carrying the babies to their sunning. They only laughed at Emmet's question.

"'Go and play,' they said. 'Soon you will find your work and have plenty to do while you live. The old Queen dreams. Her wings have long been gone.' But Emmet kept on.

"Next she met workers with food from the fields and she blocked their way. 'Have you seen the Queen's wings?' she asked them. And they too laughed.

"'So she has set you on this foolish errand too,' they said. But Emmet would not give up. She met still others bringing cows into the city, but they gave her the same answer. She asked the sentry at the gate, but the sentry had not seen them.

"Outside the gate were many large relations. They did not seem busy. Emmet watched them and wondered what they had to do. A passing worker told her. 'Those are the soldiers. See, they are larger and stronger than we. When our people go to war they lead the way. They keep our city safe. Of course, much of the time they are not needed, but they must always be ready in case of need.'

"'Perhaps I'll be a soldier,' said Emmet. 'I don't know just yet what I am to do. Just now I am hunting the old Queen's wings. Have you seen them?'

"The other shook her head sadly. 'No,' she said, 'and no one ever will. They are gone. She has made a won-

derful Queen. But for her, none of us would be here. I wish they could be found and that she could fly again, but it will never be.'

" 'I shall look for them,' said Emmet, firmly. 'I told her that I would try to find them and I shall keep my word.'

" 'It will do no harm,' said the other. 'While you are hunting you will grow familiar with the city and all of us. But look! What has happened?' Soldiers from everywhere came running and grabbed a worker who was passing. Emmet and her new friend watched. 'It's a stranger,' whispered Emmet's friend.

" 'What will happen to the poor thing?' whispered Emmet.

" 'They may drive him away or they may kill him. Our people do not like strangers. Only our own people are allowed here.'

" 'I will remember,' said Emmet. 'I will never enter a strange city.'

" 'You will be wise not to, but I must go. Good-by and good luck.'

"Emmet wandered on. She did wish that she could find the old Queen's wings, although every one discouraged her. It was warm in the sun. She wandered through the grasses, on and on. It was such a large world and there seemed to be everything in it but that for which she searched.

"And then her feet went into something new and strange. She tried to jump out of it. It was cold. It

lifted her from her feet and swept her along. She was frightened. She struggled and at last caught something that drifted past and pulled herself upon it. It was very queer to be standing on something that moved along so swiftly, for Emmet was riding on a small raft as it floated down a rushing stream. To be continued."

"Oh, Bob," squealed Beth, "do we have to wait until to-morrow to find out what happened? You have left her in such a per-dic-a-ment!"

"That's a grand word, Beth, and that's just where I wanted to leave her. I have to weed the garden now."

"But tell me first who 'Emmet' is."

"That is her name," said Bob with a chuckle. "Of course she has other names, but Emmet is a perfectly good one. If you can't wait until to-morrow, just look in the dictionary."

THE SEARCH FOR THE QUEEN'S WINGS

Part II

"HAVE you found who 'Emmet' is?" asked Bob.

Beth nodded. "I had to look in the dictionary," she confessed. "Auntie wouldn't tell me, and I just had to know."

"I wish they were always called 'emmets,'" said Auntie.

"Oh, ho," laughed Beth. "I see why you say that! There are aunts and ants. If we called ants emmets, then nice relations like you, Auntie, dear, would have the name all to themselves."

"That's good," said Bob. "I guess the name 'emmet' for 'ant' is rather out of date, but I think it would be a good thing to call them that. After this, Beth, let's."

"I'll do it," said Beth.

"But," interrupted Auntie, laughing, "your poor little emmet is on a raft, Bob. Have you planned how you will rescue her?"

"She was very frightened," Bob began. "She did not like the water and she ran back and forth on her little raft. She was young and had no idea what to do about it. She forgot about the Queen's wings and only wondered if she would ever find her own city again. But

suddenly her little raft swung about, caught by a tall bunch of coarse grass. A tall blade rose up high over the water, and as quick as a flash Emmet started to climb it. Up, up, she went, straight to the top. The breezes swayed the blade gently, and poor little Emmet was so frightened by the swaying motion. She wanted to run down, but there was water, water.

"She knew it was cold and wet. She tried to run back to her raft. But her little raft was gone. It had drifted away and was hurrying on by itself. There was nothing to do but wait; so, from the top of the grass blade she looked about. Not far away was the peak of her own city. But the water was running toward it. The city or hill was on a high spot and little by little the water was creeping about it. It would not be long before it was surrounded.

"Poor Emmet. She wondered if, at last, the water would rise above the door of her home. And then she knew what she must do. She must find her way home and give the warning. The greatest tragedy that could happen to a city of emmets was a flood.

"Very carefully Emmet started down the slender grass blade. Half way down the wind swayed another blade very near and Emmet swung across to it. Now she was a little nearer the edge. And so by reaching and swinging from one blade to another she found herself, at last, on the side nearest her home. She hurried to the city. Here were the soldiers, still resting; the workers, still busy. No one knew of their great danger.

"'Did you find the old Queen's wings?' they asked Emmet, laughingly. But Emmet did not feel that it was a time to laugh.

"'Oh,' she cried, 'there is a flood. See, the water is all about us! We must do something or it will be over our heads!' The older ones looked about. Danger was upon them! Was there a chance of escape?

"'We will build our house higher,' they said. So every one set to work carrying bits of sand and soil to build the peak of their city higher, so that the water could not run down through their streets and into their storerooms and nurseries.

"But it was hopeless. Higher and higher the water rose.

"'We shall have to leave,' said an old soldier.

"'But how can we?' asked another. 'We will be drowned.'

"'We will be drowned if we stay here,' said another. They crowded together at the peak of the hill. Now the water touched their feet. They were in a panic. They clung to each other. They scrambled over one another—anything to escape the thing they feared.

"But now they seemed to rise from the peak of the city. Their feet were no longer on land. For, as they had pushed and crowded together, they had formed a ball, a solid ball of emmets, or ants, and the ball floated! Those on the under side kicked and scrambled desperately to climb on top, giving the ball a rolling motion. So the ball, made up of hundreds of living, fighting,

struggling insects, went rolling over and over down the stream.

"Of course it wasn't comfortable. But they floated and, at last, reached a sheltered nook among the grasses and were able to scramble over them as had Emmet not long before.

"It was days before the water had gone down so that they could reach their old city again. The hill was swept away and a great deal of damage had been done to the streets of the city. Everyone set to work. Now was no time for idleness. The Queen laid many eggs in the nice nursery rooms after they were dry and cleaned once more. The workers cared for them and for the little ones when they hatched.

"These workers were the nurses. They fed the babies four or five times a day. They washed them as a mother cat washes her kittens.

"Other workers carried out and dried the wet stores of food, saving all that was good, and working every hour of the day to fill the storerooms again.

"Our Emmet found that her work was to bring in the cows and help care for them. Their cows are really the tiny green things called aphids, or plant lice. When Emmet stroked them, they would give off a sweet fluid that all Emmet's relations thought delicious. So every day Emmet went out among the leaves to find nice green bossies for the Emmet family.

"One day as she was hurrying about her work she met the old Queen. She scarcely noticed Emmet, for she

was so busy, as there was great need for every one to help rebuild the city.

" 'Dear Queen,' cried Emmet, running after her, 'I searched, as I promised, but I could not find your wings. Sometime when I have found all the cows we need I will have time to hunt again.'

" 'Never mind,' said the old Queen. 'I am sure they are lost forever. No doubt the flood carried them away and I shall never see them again. Anyway, I have no use for them now. I would only take them off and lose them again, no doubt, if you should find them. For who would wish to fly when there is work to do?' "

"They certainly are workers," said Beth. "I think it is wonderful the way they made the ball and floated."

"Sometimes," explained Bob, "when it is very cold, they make such a ball to keep warm. When they are huddled together, they can create considerable warmth. They are different from bees in that they will allow more than one queen at a time in their cities. But when the city becomes too large, a new queen sets out with the latest hatched. She often works until her colony is large enough and then lays only enough eggs to keep up the numbers."

"But why did you say 'she' all the time?" asked Beth. "Are the workers all females?"

"They are like the bees in this," said Bob. "All the workers and queens are females; the only males in their cities are the lazy drones. Another interesting thing I learned is that all emmets, even though they are in the

same hill, are not the same size. They are built for the type of work they are to do. The soldiers are large and have big heads. The field workers and the nurses do not need to be so large."

"Splendid, Bob," said Auntie. "It makes me happy to see how much you have learned. While we can learn much from books, what we see with our own eyes and find out for ourselves is of more value. I am glad that you are interested in studying the simple things that are around you, for even the things that seem the most commonplace are often very, very wonderful if we take time to study and understand them."

A FLEET OF DESERT SHIPS

"DO you still want to hear more about Dromy?" inquired Auntie.

"Indeed we do," said Beth and Bob. So Auntie began.

"Little Dromy was not unhappy. He could have a very good meal on a few thorny thistles or even a handful of dry beans. Nothing pleased him more than to chew on a bit of leather or a piece of old tent cloth. Nothing bothered him, not even the heat of the sun or the cold of the night.

"But sometimes a thought of the future would stray into his head. He did not wish to work. 'I will not work,' he told his mother.

" 'You are a dromedary,' his mother answered, as she chewed lazily. 'Your education will soon begin. First, they will teach you to kneel. You will not mind it. You have nice, heavy cushions on your knees so it will not hurt you. You will be fleet-footed, for our family are all swift—not slow like those clumsy, two-humped, Bactrian camels. They are burden-bearers. We are the racers.'

" 'Pooh!' said Dromy, disrespectfully. 'What do I care about our family? I do not choose to be either a burden-bearer or a racer. If you old camels were only more clever, you would not be the slaves of man. They

wish us to furnish everything for them. You know that they clip our hair to make camel's-hair tents and cloth. Camel's milk is their chief food. I tell you, I will not work for them.'

" 'Very well,' said his mother, 'I do not know what will become of you. We must be of use to these people or they will not bother with us. There is little enough food for those who are willing to work, but for those who are not, well'—she paused as if reluctant to speak what was in her mind—'you will be sorry. I can tell you that.'

" 'But I shall not work,' repeated Dromy.

" 'Then,' said his mother with a sniff, 'you more than likely will appear upon the table. Young, fat creatures like yourself make excellent food for our masters. Those who work are too tough. Take warning, Dromy, and do not refuse to learn. You are far too valuable an animal to be used for food, but you surely will be if you will not work. Do be sensible.'

" 'No,' said Dromy, as he stretched his long neck, 'I shall not work!'

"His mother reared her long neck high into the air and glared down upon her son with her long brown eyes. 'You are a very foolish young camel,' she said, forgetting to chew for a moment. 'Of course it is natural for us all to dislike work; our family seldom does any work without grumbling, but nevertheless we do not refuse to do it. We have too good judgment.' Then she reached for another mouthful of food, picking it up with

her long, loose lips, and feeling of it lazily but carefully before taking it into her mouth. 'I shall not bother about it any more,' she said, as she began to chew, her lower jaw swinging back and forth, from side to side.

"Dromy did not have long to wait. Now that he was four years old it was high time for him to begin to learn. The old camels knelt and were loaded. They arose with many loud cries and groans. Dromy smiled to himself. He thought how very foolish they were to work when they did not want to. He would not.

"But at last a load was placed upon his back and he was called upon to arise. Dromy held to his plan, caring not what they did to him. He had made up his mind, and once and for all time he meant to show his master that he would not work. So he waited dumbly. But he was to have a surprise. Instead of taking his burden from his back and allowing him to run free, as he was accustomed to do, the caravan set out across the desert without him.

"This puzzled Dromy. He wondered if his master did not care for him. He always had shown a great interest before this, feeling his hump to see that he was well fleshed, watching his feet to keep them in good condition. If stones should be caught between the two long toes, the broad elastic pad on which the weight of the camel rests might become bruised and a valuable animal might be ruined. But now Dromy was left alone. The long line swung into motion, led by Dromy's own mother, carrying her master. She was so long-limbed

and fleet that often she traveled one hundred miles in a day. Behind her came other dromedaries carrying the family. Then followed the pack animals, the two-humped Bactrian camels, bearing heavy loads.

"Dromy watched the line go farther and farther away until it disappeared in the distance. Now he was all alone! He had not expected anything so wonderful to happen. Now he could drink all the water and eat all the food himself. When he scrambled to his feet he remembered his load. He had quite forgotten it. But it was nothing, he did not mind it at all. He hurried to the spring, but there was no water. Each animal had been led to drink before the caravan started, all but Dromy, who would not go, and then the last bit of water had been scooped up to be carried in water bottles of skin on the long journey. Dromy looked for food, but there was none. Every wisp had been taken, nothing was left! Slowly it dawned upon Dromy's stupid brain that this was no place for him to stay. It made him angry at first, and for a time he stood about and pouted. He felt that he had been very badly treated, to be left in this place with nothing to eat or drink. And, at last, as there seemed nothing else to do, he set out along the camel path that led to the far horizon.

"Traveling alone was not pleasant, but, fortunately, the day was unusually calm so that he could follow the path; but as night came on and only the dim footprints lay before him he became alarmed. He had hoped to overtake the caravan before night, but he had forgotten

how long a time he had wasted in the empty camp. A whispering wind gently sifted sand over the imprints. He hurried. The desert was so wide—what if he were lost!

"A camel cannot eat sand or drink it. Work might not be so bad, after all. He still carried his load, but he had forgotten it. Early the next morning he found signs of a camp, just deserted. He hoped to overtake them soon, for the pack animals could not travel fast. He was thirsty, for he had not had a long, deep drink before starting. He knew the caravan could travel easily three days without water, for camels are able to store a supply of water in their stomachs.

"Sometimes, far ahead in the shimmering heat, a spot of green would rise before his eyes. He would see water, much water, and cool green palms. He knew the bright, shimmering pictures were but a mirage, for, had water been so near, his nostrils would have told him. Then he would press on with neck outstretched. Now he had lost all tracks, but his keen sense of smell told him he was on the right pathway.

"His one wish now was to overtake the caravan, to have food and drink and companionship. But the wind began to blow harder. Twilight settled upon the desert, even the sun was darkened by the stinging, blinding cloud of sand that filled the air. Dromy dropped to his knees with a moan. It was too much! He stretched out his long neck upon the sand. He closed his eyes and closed his nostrils, to the narrowest slits, to keep out the fine

sand that cut like a knife. He lay so, until the storm had passed, and the sun shone again. And when he started on his way, he went joyfully, for his keen sense of smell had told him a wonderful thing. He was glad he belonged to the fleet-footed dromedaries, and that he could travel fast, for he had almost overtaken the caravan.

"And then, winding along in the distance, he saw them, a long train of camels, a fleet of desert ships! Just ahead rose a green spot in the desert and shimmering there in the heat was water, water, water! And this time it was real!

"That evening when the coolness of night came creeping over the sands, after the burning heat of the day, Dromy lay peacefully chewing at a bit of food. He was so comfortable, so well filled with food and water. 'You were a long time coming,' said his mother, as she paused in her eating. 'I knew you were stubborn, Dromy, but I didn't think you would be so foolish. The master was worried, for he prizes you highly. He was sorry he had left you. He almost turned back the first night, but the distance was so great to this spring that he did not dare to take the time.'

" 'Oh, well,' said Dromy, 'I've made up my mind that trying to keep from work is really more work than working. I suppose after this I shall grumble and groan about it, as do all the rest, but I'll not work hard to keep from it.'

" 'It's the easiest way,' said his mother, lazily. And

so, after that, Dromy carried his share of the load when the caravan moved from one oasis to another."

"Poor, stupid things," said Beth.

"There are others," laughed Bob. "Camels are not the only ones that do not like to work, but I did not know they were so cross."

"One should always be careful when they go near them," said Auntie. "They have ugly dispositions and have been known to bite when they have the opportunity. Poor creatures, they are ugly inside and out."

"How long does a camel live?" asked Beth.

"The average length of a camel's life is thirty years," said Auntie, "which means that Dromy would travel thousands and thousands of sandy miles in his lifetime."

MRS. HUMMING BIRD'S DOUBLE

"'OH, you gave me such a fright,' said the lovely lavender Gladflower, as Mrs. Humming Bird paused in the air a moment to suck some of the honey from her blossom," Beth began her story.

"'Fright!' said Mrs. Humming Bird, flitting to another blossom on the stem. 'How could I frighten you, dear, lovely blossom? I am your friend. I would not hurt you.'

"'I know that,' said the Gladflower, 'and it really wasn't you that frightened me. But I thought you were here just a second ago. And it wasn't you. It was something very, very like you, dear Mrs. Humming Bird. It sipped honey from my blossoms with a long slim beak and tongue like yours. It had wings that held it in the air as it paused. I thought it was a bird.'

"'Perhaps it was Mr. Humming Bird,' said Mrs. Humming Bird.

"'No,' said the Gladflower, 'it was not Mr. Humming Bird.'

"'You are right, dear Gladflower. Now I remember. He flew to the garden of nasturtiums and poppies, and then came back to the nest, so that I might fly out for a breath of air and a sip of honey. It must have been another of our family.'

"'No,' said the Gladflower, 'the more I think of it, the more sure am I that it was not really a humming bird, but a creature that looks very much like a humming bird.'

"It was late when Mrs. Humming Bird reached home. She seldom flew out so late at night and she found Mr. Humming Bird waiting. As she settled herself on her wee nest she kept thinking of what the Gladflower had told her. So she told Mr. Humming Bird all about it.

"'I'm afraid,' she added, 'the flowers are very wise. Surely, there must be someone like me—a sort of an imitation, I think they call it. I'm very much troubled. Suppose this creature should come and take my nest or these two darling eggs? I shall not leave after this unless you are here.'

"'Nonsense,' said Mr. Humming Bird, 'only another humming bird would ever find this snug home. We have hung it high. It is so tiny. With all the bits of fibers and moss we have wound about it I feel very safe. I am sure no one would ever notice it, and I think that it is quite the nicest nest I have ever helped make!'

"'It is,' said his wife. 'It is comfortable too—so soft and downy on the inside. How snug our babies will be! But that is just the reason I am so afraid of this strange thing. Such a nice nest would be more attractive to it, and if it is like us, it may understand how we hide our homes. I will never leave the nest alone. My precious eggs! How dreadful if any harm should come to them!'

"'Just trust me,' said Mr. Humming Bird, who was

really quite brave and who had been known to drive away much larger birds who had threatened their little home. 'I may be small, but I am quick and unafraid. If this imitation creature comes, I will drive it away in a hurry.'

"So Mrs. Humming Bird settled down in the dainty nest, keeping the two wee eggs, no larger than two peas, snug and warm. But she did not forget, and there were moments when she wasn't quite sure. She knew he was a splendid fighter, but an imitation Humming Bird might be even more swift and fearless. She tried to think how foolish she was to worry. She even made up quite a nice make-believe story about the imitation creature; playing that it had a very beautiful home of its own and would never, never think of taking anything that belonged to another.

"At last the two eggs hatched, and there were two wee babes, so helpless, almost naked, quite blind, and with odd-shaped bills not at all like their parents. But the mother thought them beautiful. 'You darlings,' she said, as she cared for them. 'Soon you will see, soon you will have lovely feathered coats of shining green and bronze. It will not be long until your wings will be strong and you will fly. It is wonderful to fly as we do. Your father and I will teach you. We can almost live in the air. We will show you how to stay poised in the air supported by your fast-flying wings. They go so fast they can scarcely be seen, making the humming noise from which we get our name. Soon your bills will

be long and slender like ours and your tongues will be long too, so you can sip the honey from the blossoms.'

"Mrs. Humming Bird was so happy. She could hardly wait to see her children fluttering among the flowers like two brilliant blossoms. And then she would think of the imitation bird. What would she do if that strange creature should find her nest? 'Would my babies think she was their mother?' she would ponder.

"Of course now she was very busy. Both she and Mr. Humming Bird worked hard to fill the two little mouths in the wee nest. But she was always watching for the thing that looked like her. The flowers told her that it came most often in the cool of the early evening or on cloudy days. Mrs. Humming Bird became more and more uneasy.

"At last she could stand it no longer. One evening as the shadows gathered she set out for the flower gardens, leaving Mr. Humming Bird with the babies. She made up her mind that she would see her double, this imitation bird. Then she would know what to expect and how to be prepared. She flitted daintily from flower to flower. All at once she knew that some one else was near! There was a gentle hum, and, sure enough, not far away, sipping honey from a flower, was something that looked very much like herself. She was really amazed! It paused with wings humming and supped honey from the blossoms just as did Mrs. Humming Bird! But there was a difference! Her sharp eyes told her that this strange creature was not so graceful in form

"'I would not hurt you,' said Mrs. Humming Bird, for she saw now that her double was afraid of her."

or so gaily clad as the Humming Bird family, although, in the dusk, it was scarcely noticeable. Bravely she flew alongside the stranger.

" 'Good-evening,' she said. The other shrank away timidly.

" 'I would not hurt you,' said Mrs. Humming Bird, for she saw now that her double was afraid of her. 'I have heard so much about you. Tell me, are you a humming bird?'

" 'You know that I am not,' said the timid one; 'but please do not tell it,' she added, wistfully. 'I am not a bird at all. I just pretend to be. I have this shape for my protection. Cruel birds would kill me if they knew I was only a moth. I have your shape to shield me from harm. All the world knows that you are brave and will fight, so out of respect to you, they leave me alone.'

"Mrs. Humming Bird was surprised. 'And you wouldn't hurt anyone?' she asked. 'You wouldn't steal my nest or hurt my babies?'

" 'Why would I do that?' asked Mrs. Moth. 'What would I do with a nest and why should I hurt your babies? I never hurt anything; that is, not now. Perhaps when I was a worm I ate things that I should not have eaten. But perhaps you did too when you were a worm, Mrs. Humming Bird.'

" 'I never, never was a worm,' said Mrs. Humming Bird, earnestly. 'It must have been dreadful.'

" 'Not at all,' said Mrs. Moth, brightening. 'It was really very, very wonderful. But one day I went to

sleep, and when I wakened, I had turned into a moth, a humming bird moth. Now I lay eggs that will hatch into worms.'

" 'How nice,' said Mrs. Humming Bird. 'I mean how nice it is that you have eggs of your own, not that they will hatch into worms! Of course if you have your own eggs, you wouldn't want to take eggs that belonged to someone else. How many eggs have you? I have or had two; they have hatched now.'

" 'I haven't any idea how many I do have—probably several hundred. I try to put them in a safe place and where they can find food when they hatch.'

" 'But don't you care for them?' asked Mrs. Humming Bird, in amazement.

" 'Oh, no. I leave that to them; they can care for themselves.'

" 'I have never heard anything like it,' said Mrs. Humming Bird. 'We have only two babies, but it keeps their father and me so busy taking care of them. You —you are quite sure that you wouldn't want to take my babies?'

" 'Take them!' gasped Mrs. Moth; 'if I haven't time to take care of my own, why should I want to bother with another's? I have often envied you, Mrs. Humming Bird, but it seems to me that you have a hard life. I seem to have all the advantages of your shape and clever ways with none of your worries. After all, it isn't so bad being an imitation humming bird.'

"Mrs. Humming Bird flew home thoughtfully. She

found her dainty nest and her two babies, now almost ready to fly, all quite safe. She looked at them with fond mother eyes and thought of poor Mrs. Moth without a home or anyone to love her. 'Poor Mrs. Moth,' she said, softly, 'how much she misses!' "

"I agree with her," said Auntie. "It is a pretty story, Beth, and shows that you have been watching our little honey seekers. To-morrow I will tell you of something far away, about 'Polly Polyp and the Portuguese Man-of-War.' "

POLLY POLYP AND THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR

"POLLY POLYP was very happy in her home in the ocean. She was a soft little thing like a flower bud, and she lived on a coral reef with millions of her relatives. It was great to build a reef right up from the bottom of the ocean, and Polly was glad that she was to have a part in it even though she was so small. The one thing she wanted was a nice limestone house. She planned to join it to her next-door neighbor's and spend her life in it. Of course one must have things with which to build a house, and as Polly had no legs and could not run about and gather stones or wood, she had to make what she needed.

"But this did not trouble Polly. There was plenty of water and she knew just how to make the limestone that she needed. We would have a hard time making stones from water, but Polly's little budlike body was able to extract a hard substance called lime from the water and use it for the walls of her home, which was to fit her as snugly as an overcoat.

"So she grew and grew—changing from a little bud to a round, plump one. Soon she reached out small arms, or tentacles, shaped like small tubes, until she looked like some bright bud that had blossomed.

"One day as she sat on her reef there passed a Por-

tuguese Man-of-War. To Polly he seemed so very big that she wished she could run and hide, but her house was not yet finished. It was like having a great monster ride up to your door, and it left Polly quite breathless. He was fully six inches long, with a large sail-like crest. But the most wonderful thing of all was his coloring. With his splendid sail of pink, to carry himself about, he made a sight that was really beautiful to see; his gorgeously tinted body and tentacles making dripping ripples of color in the water.

"The wind drifted the large inflated sail and the Portuguese Man-of-War swung alongside the coral reef and Polly.

" 'Hello, Polly,' called the beautiful creature. 'How are all the Polyps—and have you built another mile of reef?'

" 'How do you do?' said Polly, stiffly. 'You've no idea how long it takes to make a mile of reef or you would not speak of it so lightly. It takes a long, long time. But we have learned that if one works long enough he can do anything if he knows how. We know how, and we are willing to work just as long as we are able.'

" 'Indeed,' said the Portuguese Man-of-War. 'How very prim you sound! But then, all you do is stay at home and work. You need travel to broaden you.'

" 'One doesn't need it to make coral,' said Polly.

" 'But why be thinking about making things?' asked the great creature. 'As you are a sort of a relation of

mine I am going to give you a little advice. There is an old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." '

" 'Dull?' Polly's voice was filled with amazement. 'Of course you are wonderfully colored, but who could wish anything more lovely than our homes? Coral houses are beautiful! See these reds, and those greens and blues, and over yonder is a lovely patch of pink.'

"The Portuguese Man-of-War rocked impatiently in the wind. 'Dull,' he repeated, emphatically, 'even more dull than I thought you to be. You can only think of corals and colors. Now, I sail the seas! I see strange lands and strange creatures. I go here. I go there. I have no home to worry about leaving. I've nothing in the world to do but have a fine time. Travel is very interesting. You should try it.'

" 'But are you not afraid?'

" 'Afraid? What of? I am the Portuguese Man-of-War. Everything lets me alone when I ride the waves. They cry, "Here comes the Portuguese Man-of-War," and give me plenty of room to pass.'

" 'Why?' asked Polly Polyp, breathlessly.

" 'Because some of these glittering tentacles of mine can sting severely. Sea creatures know, or soon learn, that I am to be treated with respect, and so I rock along, here and there, everywhere the wind will carry my sail.'

" 'Is that all you do?' asked Polly.

" 'Of course I eat,' said the Portuguese Man-of-War. 'I have no trouble in finding plenty as I move along.'

" 'Then you do nothing but eat and have a good time?'

" 'That is what life is for,' he answered. 'Try, little cousin, to have a broader life instead of being so eager to build something to leave behind you.'

" 'We always have worked to leave something beautiful for the world when our short lives are over,' said little Polly. 'All my people before me, since the world was made, have worked just as have I. We have built dry land for thousands of miles in the sea. We have built islands. We think it wonderful that we can build a home for man where before there was nothing but water. The water would be our master, but we triumph over it, and it serves us instead.'

"The Portuguese Man-of-War shifted his sail impatiently. 'It sounds very wonderful,' he said, 'but really it makes me tired just to think about so much work. I shall never build anything or do anything that will live, as you say, but I am having a wonderful time. I'm glad that I'm not a coral polyp. I have heard you called insects, though I know that you really are not, but you do seem just as eager for work as those little flying things that gather honey. Now, let us be friends. I suppose I have wasted my time. You will never travel, for you are attached to your home.'

" 'You are right,' said Polly, 'I am. And I am very happy and content.'

" 'Ah, here comes the South Wind! I'm off for a sail,' and the Portuguese Man-of-War swung away. Polly watched him as he gallantly rode the waves.

"And then she sighed a little polyp sigh. 'Poor thing,' she whispered, 'he thinks eating and having a good time are the most wonderful things in life.' So she set to work happily.

"That night a storm arose. The waves, like hungry wolves, leaped with crashing force against the coral reef, but they could not tear away its firm foundation. 'We have builded well,' exulted Polly, the next morning, after the storm had spent itself and the water lay calm in the sunshine. 'The ocean is still our servant and not our master.'

"It had been a great storm. The shores were lined with refuse tossed up by the waves. Among a tangle of sea weed lay something one scarce would notice, a drab, colorless bit of jelly—the Portuguese Man-of-War!"

For a moment all was still in the little room. And then Bob said, "He must have been like the sea anemone you told us about once, long ago. I remember something frightened it and it wilted into a little knob of jelly."

"You are right, Bob. They are really nothing in themselves, but when inflated with air and water they look quite wonderful."

"Poor old Portuguese Man-of-War," sighed Beth.

"Well, what can you expect of a jellyfish?" said Bob, laughing. "My story comes to-morrow. It's a little different, Auntie, but it is a nature story. I call it 'The Giants' Little Brother.'"

THE GIANTS' LITTLE BROTHER

"THERE is a big family of giants," began Bob.

"Not really!" interrupted Beth.

"Yes, really," answered Bob, stoutly. "And they are so strong that if one of those big fellows wanted to destroy our house, he could do it just as easily as you would push over a pile of blocks. He wouldn't have to do any more than blow on it, and it would all be broken to splinters!"

"Excuse me for interrupting," said Beth with a shiver, "and do tell us all about them."

"Once upon a time," Bob began, "a lot of giant brothers were at home. They had a little brother who wanted to hear about all the things they had seen and done on their journeys out into the world. He never tired of their wonderful stories.

" 'Why don't you come with me?' asked one of the big brothers, a great, cold fellow. 'It will be more fun to see all these things than to hear about them. Next time I go I'll just take you with me.'

"Then up rose another brother, a monster in size and with a quick, hot temper. 'No, I'll take the boy with *me,*' he said. 'I can show him more wonderful things than any of you.'

"Then the two other great brothers said that they wanted to take their little brother themselves. It looked

as if there were going to be trouble. Each of the four wanted the little fellow and, of course, he couldn't go with them all. If all four of these great giants had started to fight, there is no telling what might have happened. But one of them was a good-natured fellow. So he said: 'Look here, fellows, it isn't fair to make the boy go with the one who is the strongest. Let's let him go where he wants to go.'

" 'Of course,' said another, 'we've other giant brothers and perhaps he might want to go with some of them.'

" 'That's the idea,' said the other. 'Let the boy go out for himself. It would be good for him to go all over the world and visit the members of his family before he makes up his mind which one he wants to live with or what he wants to do.'

"The little brother was glad when they told him he was to have such a wonderful trip. He felt sure that when he came back he would know where to settle down and be useful to the world. The giant brothers were glad too when they saw how pleased he was about it, but they wanted him to be safe.

" 'If you ever need help,' they told him, 'just call for us. We can come to you, anywhere, at any time.'

"So the boy set out. The world was full of wonderful things and all his relations were glad to see him and told him about their work. He visited one great giant brother away up in the mountains. This brother was kind and good. People liked him and watched for him to come. The boy thought he would like to stay, but the

kind giant brother said he should go on and see all before he settled down. So he went on to the ocean, and here were more giant brothers. These brothers were steady, hard-working fellows, working night and day to help people.

"'I'd like to stay with you,' said the little brother, 'if you could live on land. Can't you come and live in the mountains?'

"'No,' said the giants, 'we have to stay right here. You don't know how dreadful it would be if we stopped working and went away.' So the boy went on. He found other nice brothers, but at last he came to a cruel one, feared by all, who never did anything kind or good. They called him Willy-Willy, and his home was far away on the coast of Australia. The boy was glad he did not need to stay, and hurried on.

"There were fierce, hot-tempered brothers in Spain and Egypt. Their homes were hot deserts, for they destroyed everything they touched.

"'I will go home,' said the boy. 'I have seen enough. I shall never be a giant, like my brothers, so I cannot do great work like the kindly ones, and I will not be wicked and cruel like the others.'

"He hurried back to the ocean, when suddenly he met a very wicked giant. Of all the family of giants he was the strongest. The giant saw the little brother and thought he would force him to stay. 'Come,' he called, 'you shall live with me.'

"But the little brother slipped away and ran. The

great giant ran after him. And then the little fellow remembered what the four brothers at home had told him. If ever he needed them, he did now. So he called just as loud as he could for help. And then he saw them coming! The four came from different directions and reached him at the same instant. Around and around they swept. And then, from the center of the swirling giants leaped up another, the worst of all!

"He was wicked! He was ugly and twisted. And he howled, 'Come with me, we'll destroy everything.' But the little brother wriggled free and ran back home as fast as he could.

" 'I don't want to be like anyone,' he said. 'Just let me be the little brother of the giants. I can do a little good in my own way, and people like me.'

"So his brothers let him do as he pleased. And to-day we can find him, always welcomed, for he brings a bit of freshness wherever he goes. He is happy and content, this little brother of the giants, and his name is Zephyr."

"Why, it's the wind," said Beth. "And all those giants are the different kinds of winds. Tell us more about them."

"Yes, do," said Auntie; "you have made such an interesting fable for us. The wind is often like a giant. I like your story very much."

"I learned it in our geography class," beamed Bob. "And I just thought we could play that the winds talked as well as we could pretend that the animals did. The four big brothers are the North, South, East and West

Winds. The nice fellow in the mountains is the Chinook. This wind moves warm air down mountain valleys and melts away the snows. The steady fellows on the ocean are the Trade Winds. They are so regular that the sailors depend on them to help carry their ships.

"The hot, terrible ones are the winds that burn up vegetation and make it difficult for people and animals to live. The strong one that ran after little Zephyr is the Hurricane. It is the strongest straight wind. The twisted one was the Typhoon. When it comes on land, we call it a cyclone. Winds are queer—we never see them and yet they are one of the giants of nature!"

YOUNG TROMPE, ADVENTURER

"YOUNG TROMPE, the baby elephant, felt very important," began Auntie. "In fact, he thought that he was about the most wonderful animal in the herd. Everyone spoiled him, for baby elephants were rather rare—just at this time he was the only one in the group that was led and guarded by the splendid Big Trompe.

"Young Trompe's mother did her best to keep him from growing vain. She told him again and again that he was just a baby. She told him that if it were not for her and the other grown elephants in their family, he would be pounced upon and eaten by some hungry wild beast.

"But it had little effect on Young Trompe. He was so sure that he was the smartest, the wisest, the strongest animal in the herd that he often thought he would like to meet the hungry wild beast that would try to eat him, so that he could thrash him soundly. Even Big Trompe would run from him when he stamped his small foot and waved his six-inch trunk. Of course he failed to notice the chuckles that Big Trompe smothered into short snorts when he was running.

"Then, too, his mother's friends were often unwise in saying flattering things about the baby of the herd in his presence. Such remarks as, 'My, what splendid broad

shoulders he has!'—and, 'Do look at his legs, nothing spindling there';—and 'I think his trunk is certainly well formed; he is so well built that no doubt he will some day be leader of the herd,' were not uncommon. Of course it made Young Trompe's mother happy to think her child seemed so perfect to all who saw him, but she wished Young Trompe had not heard, for he put on such odd, strutting ways. But, as so often happens, the grown folk seemed to think his new manner cunning rather than naughty. So only his mother worried, although Phanty, his fifteen-year-old brother, was disgusted. Phanty was jealous; of that there was no doubt. For years he had been the baby of the herd and it was hard to have another take his place. It angered him to see this baby elephant petted, and it maddened him more to see how this small brother absorbed it all, and grew more domineering and important every day.

"So Phanty set about to tease his small brother. He loved to waken him. 'Good morning,' he would say, giving his brother a small nudge. 'Wake up, woolly lamb.'

" 'I'm not a lamb,' Young Trompe would snort. 'I'm an elephant. Some day I will be leader of the herd.'

" 'Excuse me,' Phanty would grin, 'but I saw all that wool on your shoulders and I thought you were a lamb. But now I see you are just a baby elephant.'

" 'Run along, Phanty,' their mother would say, 'and do stop teasing. It's not uncommon for baby elephants to have a little soft wool on their head and shoulders. I've heard that those creatures called man have a story about

it. They claim that long ago all our family wore woolly coats, and that the fact that baby elephants have a little of it now proves the story. Come, Young Trompe, and get your breakfast; and, Phanty, do be good!'

"Young Trompe wished that he could say something to Phanty, something very grown-up, but he couldn't think of anything, so he set about getting his breakfast. He got it in the same way a small calf gets its food, from his mother's milk, only mother elephant carries her bag of rich milk between her forelegs.

"But Young Trompe was unhappy. He wished that he did not have to live on milk and that he wasn't woolly. He wanted to be a great elephant, not a baby.

"The elephant family always arose while it was quite early and started for the feeding grounds. It was quite dark and damp in the hidden jungle where they had rested for the night. They formed in line for the march, Big Trompe leading the way. He was a splendid beast, standing fully ten feet high and weighing at least three tons. He was in the prime of life. All the inmates of the jungle knew him to be a great leader. He was wise and cautious. He gave the orders, the others obeyed.

"Next came the largest and strongest. Young Trompe and his mother followed behind. Even Phanty pushed ahead, now that there was another to take his place.

" 'Big Trompe leads the way,' explained the mother elephant, 'so that he can meet and drive away anything that might harm us.' They all ambled along comfort-

ably, and then suddenly every one stopped, the leaders first, then down the line, even to the baby elephant, just like a long train of cars. Far ahead came a trumpet call, a sound filled with rage.

" 'It's Big Trompe,' said the mother. 'A panther, perhaps,' she added with a yawn, 'or a lion. Any way, the creature will be lucky to escape. Trompe is splendid. Some day you shall watch him. He charges with his trunk raised high, like this. Our trunks are so valuable we never take any chance of their being hurt. Big Trompe can toss a lion with his great tusks, and gives it a terrible swat with his trunk as it falls. If the creature lives to get away, he never bothers Big Trompe again.'

"Young Trompe stretched up to his full three feet. 'And I can make Big Trompe run,' he thought; 'and then they talk about what I may be instead of what I am.'

"Soon they were moving again. At the feeding grounds the older elephants pulled down choice leaves with their trunks or rooted up juicy roots with their tusks. Sometimes they pulled up big trees by wrapping their trunks about them or pushed them down with their broad, strong heads. Young Trompe made a pretense of nibbling a few leaves.

"Higher and higher rose the sun. One by one the old elephants found sheltered places to rest. Some leaned against great trees and took naps, for it was a great deal of trouble for them to lie down, and more to get up. But

Young Trompe was not sleepy. He was far too busy thinking. His mother had told him that it would be thirty years before he was grown. Thirty years before he would be a great leader! Thirty years was a long, long time and Young Trompe did not like to wait. He wanted adventure, and he wanted it now!

"Phanty was not sleeping either. Phanty felt playful. 'Let us play a fine game,' he said. 'You may drive me.' So Young Trompe took hold of Phanty's tail with his little trunk and away they galloped. It was great fun until Phanty said it was his turn to drive. But that was not so much fun. Young Trompe squealed and Mother Elephant opened one eye sleepily to see what it was all about.

"Phanty hid away behind the bushes. 'Baby,' he sniffed, 'you're just a baby, squealing over every little thing.'

" 'I'm not,' whined Young Trompe. 'I'm as big as anyone.'

" 'Ho, ho,' said Phanty. 'I suppose you will soon be leading the herd!'

" 'I can,' said Young Trompe, 'that is, I could, if mother would let me.'

" 'Is that the only reason you don't?' asked Phanty. 'Then now is your chance. Your mother is asleep. Suppose you start now. I'll wake up every one and we will follow.'

" 'But, but then she will stop me.'

" 'Oh, I'll wait and give you a chance.'

" 'Will you really?' asked Young Trompe, eagerly.

" 'Really,' said Phanty.

"So Young Trompe set out. The jungle was filled with trees and vines and bushes. Bright birds paused to crane at him as he passed. He waved his little trunk at them and stamped his small foot, chuckling to see them fly screaming with fright. He wished he could meet a lion to toss on his tusks and swat with his trunk. 'If he lives to run away,' he smiled to himself, 'he will never bother Young Trompe again.' It was a wonderful adventure he was having and he did not have to wait thirty years. Soon the herd would be following.

"And then, far ahead, he saw something. It was as large as his mother, or larger. It was an elephant standing alone under a great tree. He flopped his great ears and opened his eyes.

" 'Why, how do you do?' said Young Trompe.

"The great elephant looked at the baby elephant. He shut his eyes a moment and then he looked again. No, he was not dreaming. There before him was a baby elephant with woolly head and shoulders, waving a tiny trunk. It was amazing! Baby elephants did not go out alone in the jungle. It just was not done in jungle land.

" 'How do you do?' said the elephant. 'And, pray, who are you and where did you come from?'

" 'I am Young Trompe,' said the baby elephant. 'Just to-day I'm leading the herd. I'm not waiting thirty years. I want to do it now.' He looked at the

big elephant, and then he looked backward. 'I wonder,' he said, a bit anxiously, 'when they are coming. Phanty said he'd wake them all up to follow.'

" 'Oooh, I see,' said the big elephant slowly, with a nod of his great head. 'Now it would be fun if we two went on together. Let's go.' He started up and fairly pushed Young Trompe into the trail before him.

"It was not pleasant traveling. The old elephant was cross. He made the baby elephant go on and on through strange paths until his small legs ached dreadfully. 'I wanted to lead the herd,' Young Trompe whimpered. 'You're not a herd, and I'm not leading you, and——' his voice ended in a wail.

"Then the old elephant said: 'I will tell you about myself. My name is Rogue. Long ago Big Trompe and I had a quarrel. Trompe drove me away and since that time I have been living by myself. I am very unhappy and I like to make others unhappy too. It will make Big Trompe unhappy to find you have gone. You shall come with me and be a Rogue with me. Big Trompe will be furious. I never expected to have such a fine chance of getting even with him. I'm so glad you happened along. We'll have a grand adventure.'

" 'But I don't want one now,' sobbed Young Trompe. 'I'd rather have my mother, please.'

" 'Tut, tut,' said the Rogue, 'it's too late now. When one starts an adventure he cannot quit in the middle of it.'

" 'But I'm tired,' cried the baby elephant.

"'Well, be a baby, then,' snapped Rogue. 'I must be getting on.'
And he started to run."

" 'You? Tired? And you are Young Trompe! I'm quite ashamed of you.'

" 'I want my mamma,' wailed Young Trompe. 'I am a baby elephant!'

"A sudden sound made them stop, a great booming roar of rage. And one could hear a snapping of trees and branches as if some great monster were plunging through the jungle.

" 'Well, be a baby, then,' snapped Rogue. 'I must be getting on.' And he started to run. But it was too late! Big Trompe came trumpeting, trunk waving, great tusks slashing the air! He thrashed Rogue soundly and sent him hurrying away with orders never to bother one of his herd again.

"Mother Elephant came running too, with poor, frightened Phanty at her heels. She was so glad to see her baby! Phanty had been punished and now Young Trompe received his, for mother elephants spank their babies when they misbehave. Young Trompe was so glad to see his mother that he did not even whimper. He knew that he richly deserved it. And then his mother snuggled him up close beside her and told him how glad she was to have him safe again.

" 'I'm glad too,' sighed Young Trompe. 'I want to be a baby elephant for a long, long time.'

" 'That is very wise,' nodded his mother, as she cooled herself with great clouds of dust, for she was very warm after her run. 'All you have to do now, Trompe, young man, is to eat and grow and learn. If you are well and

strong, you will be ready for the wonderful adventures that will come when you are Big Trompe, the leader of the herd.' "

"Oh, I wish there was more about Trompe," said Bob. "Please, Auntie, tell us another elephant story. I think they are wonderful."

"Indeed they are, Bob. The elephant is classed as one of the wisest of animals. Some people think monkeys show more intelligence, but, of course, the elephant is so much larger that there is really little comparison. How would you like a story about an elephant and a monkey?"

"We would love it," said Beth, clapping her hands. "And will you tell it to-morrow? I will be glad to have a little more time to get my next story ready."

"All right," said Auntie, "I will."

"And, oh, Auntie, when you told about Mother Elephant cooling herself with a cloud of dust, I couldn't help but think that dust must be jungle talcum powder!"

Auntie laughed. "I hadn't thought of that, Beth, but perhaps you are right. The skin of the elephant, though thick, is very tender, and the elephant is fond of his dust bath, shaking the dust over himself with his trunk, and he has his favorite swimming hole. But I'll tell you more about that to-morrow in my story. I call it 'A Jungle Contest.' "

"Are there really rogue elephants?" asked Bob.

"Yes, indeed," answered Auntie, "and I am so glad you asked me, for I meant to explain. Rogues are elephants that have been driven from the herd for some

reason. They choose to live alone and grow only more cross and ugly as they think over their troubles. They are greatly feared by the natives and all with whom they come in contact."

"I do not understand why you called them 'Trompe,' " said Beth. "Does it mean something, or is it just a name?"

"It means something, Beth. The word 'trompe' is a French word meaning 'trumpet.' The elephant's trunk was called a 'trompe,' for with it the elephant can make a loud noise. But in English it is called a trunk. I like the French word better and I thought it made a nice name for our elephants."

"I like it too," said Beth. "I can hardly wait to hear your story about the elephant and the monkey."

A JUNGLE CONTEST

"ANDY ELEPHANT rolled his eyes. He did want to look up. But Andy had such a short neck he could not. Andy's neck was not made for looking up. In fact, he seldom needed to. Nearly everyone had to look up to Andy Elephant.

"But this little mischief, Molly Monkey, was always finding some new trick to play on Andy. She did not show proper respect for a creature of Andy's dimensions.

" 'I'd like to grab her,' thought Andy, 'and give her a good shaking, the little monkey!' He tried to reach up with his long trunk, but Molly was too quick for him. She went swinging to a higher limb, chattering as she moved through the leafy branches.

" 'You, Andy,' she scolded, 'you great big, blundering Andy Elephant. You come storming along through the brush never thinking of anyone else. You think you are so great, but you never even see me, and yet I am right above your head!'

" 'I can't see things that are right above my head,' said Andy, 'my neck is too short. But I did not need to see you, Molly, to know that you were there. I can smell you. Though I may not see everything, I make up in smelling.'

" 'That may be quite true,' said Molly Monkey, 'but let me tell you, Andy Elephant, you will never catch

me with your long trunk. I am too clever for that. Monkeys are wise animals.'

" 'And so are elephants.'

" 'Do you think so, Andy? I really didn't know that they were. I always supposed they were just large.'

"Andy blinked his little eyes. Molly would joke. 'It's nice to be little and spry,' he said with a chuckle. 'And it's nice to be big and strong. The strange part of it all is that one can't be all of them at once. But I'll tell you, Molly Monkey, what I will do. We'll have a jungle contest right here. I'll match every trick you have with one of mine. How's that for a bargain?'

"Molly grinned happily. 'Fine,' she chattered, 'and it won't take long, for I'm sure you haven't such a large bag of tricks, Mr. Andy. To start, I'll just run up a tree, like this!' With that she went like a flash from limb to limb up to the topmost branches. 'Now, you do it.'

"But she was to be surprised. Andy wrapped his trunk about the tree—and pulled it up! Molly went bounding away into another treetop.

" 'Good,' she called. 'I hadn't thought of your doing that. Now, suppose you crack a coconut. She grabbed one and broke it while Andy reached for another with his trunk and tossed it against a tree trunk. It burst straight across.

" 'Hmmm,' said Molly, and there was a rather troubled note in her voice. This contest was not so easy after all. She sat down on a limb and cupped her chin in one little claw-like hand. Suddenly she started up, and

then she dropped back. 'I'll not do that,' she said with a shiver, 'not that!'

"'What?' asked Andy Elephant.

"Molly climbed a bit higher on her perch. Her wizened little face had a frightened expression. 'I was about to jump on your back—and then I thought, just in time, that I wouldn't want you to jump on mine.'

"Andy laughed so long and loud that Molly had to join in. 'That certainly would have finished the contest,' said Andy. 'I'm glad you thought in time, Molly.'

"'So am I?' nodded Molly. 'But, now, let me see you walk on your hind legs like a man. Watch me. I can do it quite well.'

"'Don't,' said Andy; 'being an African elephant, I do not like men. I might learn to stand on my hind legs, but I prefer to use all four of them. But I can carry tons on my back and push tons before me with my head. Would you like me to show you?'

"'Never mind,' said Molly, 'I've more tricks than that. You've a funny little tail for such a big beast. I wonder if you can hang by it.'

"At the very thought Andy's eyes fairly bulged. 'I'd not care to try,' he said with a shudder. 'My tail is little, but I like it. Suppose we take a shower bath?'

"'Where?'

"'Here.'

"'But there is no water.'

"Raising his trunk Andy gave Molly a good drenching! 'Oooow,' she cried, 'where is it all coming from?'

"Andy was fairly rocking with laughter. 'Oh, ho!' he cried, 'didn't you know I had a regular tank of water inside me? Some people think that only camels store away water for a dry day, but we elephants do the same thing. I can store ten gallons of water and use it whenever I please, for showers to cool myself or to drink.'

" 'It is wonderful,' said Molly, shaking herself dry. 'You surprise me, Andy. No wonder you are large, you have to be to carry around a tank of water. That trunk of yours is a dandy. I wish I had one like it. Of course I have hands. I can feed myself. I don't have to put my nose down into my food. I take it in my hands and put it into my mouth.'

" 'Like this?' asked Andy, as he plucked a tender green branch with his trunk and tucked it into his mouth.

" Ye-es,' said Molly, slowly. 'After all, you seem to be able to do anything with your trunk that I can do with my hands.'

" 'It's the best hand in the world,' said Andy. 'I couldn't get along without it. I'd starve to death. With these great tusks of mine growing out so far in front of me and my short neck I could not reach food with my mouth. This trunk is my nose, my upper lip, and a weapon, for it makes a fine club! Besides, it makes a wonderful noise. Do you want to hear it?'

" 'Oh, no, no, please, not now,' cried Molly, putting her hands over her ears. 'I've heard it before, but I would not want to be so near.'

" 'Well, as I said, it's very useful. These tusks are

fine weapons and I use them too when I'm afraid my trunk may be hurt.'

" 'Well,' said Molly, sadly, 'I guess the contest is over. Your trunk can do anything that my hands can do, and your strength makes up for my spryness. Of course you can never climb trees as I do, but then, there are no trees large enough anyway. It must be grand to be big and strong and not afraid of anything!'

" 'Oh, but we have enemies and we have to fight. Elephants have their troubles.'

" 'Really?' said Molly.

" 'Yes,' said Andy, seriously. 'Some of our troubles are funny too. There's one tiny thing that frightens us. You'd never guess what it is.'

"Molly shook her head.

" 'A mouse,' said Andy; 'I'm afraid it will run up my trunk!' "

"How Molly must have laughed at that!" said Beth.

"Do elephants live long?" asked Bob.

"An elephant has a long life. It is supposed to live a hundred or more years. I could tell you many more interesting things about the elephant, and as for the monkeys —well, maybe sometime I'll tell you more about Molly and her relatives in different parts of the world. And now, Beth, will you be ready to tell us your story to-morrow?"

"Yes, Auntie. Bob's last story gave me an idea. My story is 'How Aqua Imp Became a Knight.' "

HOW AQUA IMP BECAME A KNIGHT

"I CAN hardly wait to hear your story, Beth," said Bob. "It has a wonderful title."

Beth beamed. "I'm glad you like that much of it, Bob," she said. "And I do hope you will like the story as well."

"Aqua Imp was riding in his mag-nif-i-cent chariot drawn by prancing in-vis-i-ble steeds! You knew they were prancing by the way the chariot moved. Aqua was happy. He thought he was having a wonderful time spinning along. He was not lonely, for in the chariot with him were ever so many of his friends. And they were all happy too.

"Now, of course, when an Imp is really very happy, he is apt to do something dan-ger-ous, for that is the way Imps have the nicest times. 'Let's do something,' shouted one very happy Imp in the mag-nif-i-cent chariot. 'Come, fellows, put on your glittering armor, and let's stir up some trouble.'

" 'We'll have a sham battle,' cried another. 'We've not had one for a long time.' Everyone thought it a splendid plan, as they did not have anything else to do, and it seemed a fine day for it. So the invisible steeds were told where to go, and with a dash the Imps were at the spot.

"In no time every one of them had put on a glittering coat of mail.

" 'Charge,' called the leader, 'charge!' And the whole army charged! They hurled themselves through the air. It was great fun! Aqua Imp hit, bang, against something! He rolled over, laughing, on the ground. But he didn't care. His armor was strong and he did not mind if it had lost its glitter.

"Then a voice from somewhere said, 'You should be ashamed of yourself, you bad little Aqua Imp.'

"He looked around—right into the eyes of a Princess! 'The idea,' she went on, 'of you silly fellows with your sham battles and your glittering armor coming pell-mell and bumping into people who are trying to do some good in the world.'

" 'But we were just in fun,' said Aqua Imp.

" 'Doing things that hurt others would not be fun to anyone but an Imp,' said the Princess.

" 'But I'm not an Imp,' said Aqua, 'I'm a sort of a soldier dressed in a glittering coat of mail.'

"The Princess laughed and Aqua looked down at himself. Horrors! The armor had disappeared! He saw that he had taken his natural shape. He was just a pudgy little Aqua Imp.

" 'You've been in bad company,' said the Princess, when she saw the look on his face. 'You were meant to do good instead of harm. I believe that you really might be a soldier—or even a knight, if you tried. Knights are wonderful. They go about trying to help people who are

in trouble.' She spoke so gently that Aqua did not feel hurt or angry at what she said. He did feel ashamed of the silly thing he had done. And he might have hurt the Princess too! The more he thought about it the more ashamed he felt. So he hid away under the branches and kept creeping farther and farther from sight, until at last he reached a little hill. He ran down it just as fast as he could. He met several of his friends and they ran on together. At last they stopped to rest under some tall willows, by a little pond.

"But all the time Aqua Imp was thinking of the foolish thing he had done. The Princess was so beautiful and sweet. If he had stayed, he might have been able to do some kind thing to show her that he was not always an Imp.

"And then an old green frog came hopping out from the leaves at the edge of the pond.

" 'Hello, Imps,' he said. 'How few there are of you! I thought I would find a great number here after all that noise and bluster you made a little while ago.'

" 'There may be only a few of us here,' said one, 'but there are more of us in the world than there is of anything else.'

" 'Not more than grains of sand,' said the old frog in a croaking voice.

" 'Yes, there are,' said another. 'You would be surprised if you knew how many there are of us.'

" 'Well, well,' said the old frog with a deeper croak, 'so many of you—and yet a poor Princess not far away

is in distress because none of you are there to help her. She is really suffering.'

" 'Where is she?' asked Aqua Imp.

" 'Up on the hilltop. This morning she was the most beautiful thing in the world. But this afternoon, well—that's another story.' He croaked dismally and looked very sad.

" 'Ho, hum,' said one Imp. 'The world is full of princesses. To-morrow there will be many more lovely ones.'

"But Aqua did not feel so. He was sorry for the little Princess. And it was a splendid chance for him to do something for someone—to be a knight.

"So he put on his coat of in-vis-i-bil-i-ty. No one saw him go. He was as light as the air. He rose up, up, up, into the sky, and soared along until he reached a mag-nif-i-cent castle of glittering white. Aqua rushed up the great steps and called all he met to help him. And they took up his cry, 'A Princess is in distress! Come, you Knights, come to her rescue!'

"They set out from the castle in a slate-blue chariot with silver trimmings, drawn by fleet-footed, invisible steeds.

" 'To the rescue!' called Aqua, as they neared the spot where dwelt the lovely Princess. His companions followed. Together they brought aid, cooling drink and freshness to the drooping Princess.

"Then a wonderful thing happened. The color came back to her face and she raised her head, as beautiful as any princess in the world.

" 'Ah,' she whispered, 'the Knights of cloudland have saved me.'

"And Aqua glowed with happiness, for Aqua Imp had become a Knight."

"Fine," said Bob. "I think, Auntie, that Beth has made a beautiful story about the rain. It is wonderful, although we do not stop to think much about it, the way the water is drawn up into the sky and comes back to us as rain, or some form of rain."

"There is nothing more wonderful," said Auntie. "The One who planned the world planned it well."

"I wanted to tell why Aqua turned into an Imp," said Beth. "We learned at school how the moisture in the clouds turns to ice when it comes in contact with a cold layer of air. But I had to leave that to explain later. I'm glad you like it."

"We do, indeed," said Auntie. "I wonder, Bob, if you can tell your story to-morrow. My last one is not quite ready."

"I'll be glad to. It will be about 'Greedy Grasshopper's Motto.' "

GREEDY GRASSHOPPER'S MOTTO

"THERE is nothing to guess in this story," began Bob, "unless it is the motto. Perhaps you may wonder what that is. It isn't one I'd advise anyone to follow.

"Greedy had been an egg. But when he popped out of his shell, which had been buried in the ground in a case made of glue, there was just one thing he could think about. He was hungry. He wanted something to eat and lots of it. He didn't have a mother as have the bird babies when they break out of their shells—there was no one to bring him food. If he was to eat, he would have to find it himself. So he hopped out and looked about. He was so hungry that he wasn't particular about his food. Just any kind of green thing looked good to him. He saw a little plant quite near, and he set to work eating it.

"In no time he had eaten it up, so he found another and ate that, and another and another. He ate and he ate and he ate!

"Sometimes he saw things that looked like himself fly past him. They never stopped to ask Greedy how he was getting along in the world. He did not care. He only wished that he had wings so he could fly, too. But he was glad he could find plenty to eat. And, as he ate so much, of course he grew. The strange part

about it was that his clothes did not grow as fast as did Greedy. So, when his green suit would begin to pinch a little, he would simply climb out of it and go on in the new skin that was underneath. And there would sit his old skin on a leaf looking very like himself. He would almost feel sorry for it and then he would think, 'Oh, well, every fellow for himself is my motto.' Then he would hop on, looking for more to eat. So he grew out of more skins. And he ate, and he ate, and he ate.

"But one day he forgot about eating. A strange, new feeling came over him. He was tired. He wanted to sleep. His last skin thickened into a bed for him with soft, warm covers; and so he slept. Six weeks later he wakened. And as he crawled from his bed he felt just as he had when he came from the egg—he was hungry! But a wonderful thing had happened while he slept. He had grown two pairs of wings, and could fly. Now he could find food more easily.

"He could make music, too, by rubbing his wings together or by rubbing the edge of one wing over his leg. He thought it was beautiful and sometimes he almost forgot to eat, he was so busy composing tunes.

"Some of his neighbors would grow tired of his music and beg him to stop. But Greedy did not care. He did not mind bothering others. 'Every fellow for himself,' he would say, and play louder. He learned to eat and play at the same time and he was always hungry, so he ate and ate and ate.

"Busy Bee saw him one day as she was carrying honey to her hive. Greedy was eating some of the choice plants that held the sweetest honey. 'Greedy,' she cried, 'you are eating up my nice flowers. Soon I shall have no honey. Why do you not eat some of these weeds instead of useful plants?'

"But Greedy only shrugged and began to play a shrill tune. 'What do I care if you do not like it?' he asked. 'My motto is, "Every fellow for himself." '

" 'You will come to a bad end,' said Busy Bee, 'and when you do, remember that I warned you.'

"Little Mrs. Lady Bug was the next to come. She saw the stalks stripped from leaves where Greedy had feasted.

" 'Oh, Greedy,' she cried, 'do try to be useful. You'll ruin everything.'

"But Greedy only laughed. 'You do not go hungry, Mrs. Lady Bug,' he said, 'so why scold me?'

" 'Do you think,' she asked, 'that I would eat these nice plants? I would do nothing of the sort. I hunt for small insects that eat the plants. They are my food. My babies and I like the small things called plant lice the best of all. Plant lice are greedy, like you. They suck the sap from the plants and leave them to die. We are the friends of the plants, not their enemies.'

" 'You are very foolish,' said Greedy; 'I am sure if you would learn to eat the food that I enjoy your life would be more pleasant. But, then, why should I bother to tell you this? My motto is, "Every fellow for him-

self!" ' And with that Greedy spread his fine, straight wings and flew to greener fields.

"He was hungry. He met some wingless relations hopping along on a bare stretch of ground. He smiled to himself as he thought of the fine plants he had eaten there before they came. He did not care that they were hungry. He only wanted to find food for himself and to make music. ' "Every fellow for himself," ' he sang, 'that's my motto.'

" 'Is it?' asked a voice, and there was little Mother Quail with her flock.

" 'It is,' said Greedy Grasshopper, proudly. 'And it is a good one. Look at Busy Bee working to gather honey, and Mrs. Lady Bug trying to be the farmer's friend. They both told me I should be helpful. They think I might eat weeds that hurt the good plants and flowers. How very silly! Do you try to be helpful, Mother Quail? If you do, try my plan. My motto is, "Every fellow for himself." '

" 'Indeed I do try to be helpful,' said Mother Quail, and with a quick movement she grabbed Greedy Grasshopper. 'And for once in your life you shall be useful too,' she added. 'You will make a nice dinner for my family.' And that was the end of Greedy Grasshopper."

"I see you have studied your grasshoppers," laughed Auntie, "and we should all be grateful to Mother Quail and other birds who help us to be rid of them. To-morrow we will have our last story, 'The Beauty of Tilly Toucan.' "

THE BEAUTY OF TILLY TOUCAN

"TILLY TOUCAN loved her woodland home with its dark moss-covered rocks and its avenues of tall trunks, topped by a roof of green. From a high treetop she could look toward the river with its swamp trees, bedecked with matted festoons of vines; brilliant with fragrant flowers of every hue. Tilly's lovely home was just a living fairyland of tree and bird and blossom.

"She would look out over all this beauty and sigh softly to herself, 'So much beauty, so much, so much!' To-day she sat looking about. It had been hot. At midday everything had paused, stifled with the heat, and had hidden away in the dark coolness of the luxuriant forest. Not even a cricket had chirped—all had been still.

"But now everything had come to life. Birds and butterflies, flashing bits of color, darted through the leaves, and the air was filled with song.

" 'So beautiful,' sighed Tilly, 'and to think that perhaps of it all, I am the most beautiful. It is almost too much joy!'

"And then there came such a crashing through the branches, and scrambling down in front of her was Iggie Iguana! Iggie was so large—over five feet long—and he did go tumbling about so carelessly. Tilly wasn't afraid of him, for she knew he would not eat toucans.

"Then there came such a crashing through the branches, and scrambling down in front of her was Iggie Iguana!"

Iguanas were vegetarians. Probably Iggie had been hunting Indian figs.

"Of course she was startled, for she did not know that anyone was in the tree, and she was embarrassed for fear Iggie might have heard what she had been saying. She did not have long to wonder, for Iggie began talking at once.

" 'Did—did—I hear you say,' stammered Iggie, 'that *you* are the most beautiful thing in the forest?'

" 'Well,' said Tilly, simpering, eyes half closed, 'I said it, as I suppose I should not. But if it is not so, Iggie, just tell me who is more beautiful?'

"Iggie looked at Tilly Toucan with her downcast eyes and a smile of satisfaction on her face. He did not speak, and Tilly, looking up in surprise, was still more amazed to see the expression on his face. He almost looked swollen!

" 'Well—who?' asked Tilly, in surprise.

" 'Why, who could it be?' gasped Iggie. 'Who *is?*'

" 'Who is?' repeated Tilly.

" 'Such nonsense,' said Iggie. 'I am modest, but I must be truthful. There is no doubt that *I* am the most beautiful thing in the jungle!'

"Tilly's double-irised eyes grew almost double in size, as she looked down over the Iggie's long body, so like a lizard in shape, with its four short legs. 'I'm sorry, Iggie,' she said, sadly, 'but I think there has been a dreadful mistake. I really feel it my duty to tell you. Please don't be angry. But first look at your color.

How can you compare with my orange-and-black coat? And that yellow patch round my eye is so striking, to say nothing of my white tail feathers, trimmed with scarlet.'

" 'It's just a matter of taste,' said Iggie, calmly. 'My glittering green-and-black, with its bars of color, is quite as attractive, I am sure.'

" 'And then there is my bill,' continued Tilly. 'It is so large and so beautiful. It really is almost as long as I am. And the color—orange, with that oval spot of black at the tip—is so conspicuous.'

"But Iggie was not to be convinced. 'You forget that I have a high crest of spines on my back and neck and a sac under my chin with crimped edges. What could be more lovely?'

" 'But my tail,' said Tilly, now almost tearfully. 'It is so lovely. The colors are as vivid as any blossom.'

" 'Color is not all of beauty,' said Iggie, placidly. 'Form and grace are quite as important. My tail is long and graceful, while yours is—well, may I say stubby?'

" 'But it turns forward as well as backward,' answered Tilly. 'At night I turn it—so—up over my back, and put my head around—so—with my beak under my feathers.'

" 'Mine turns almost every way,' said Iggie. 'It is so useful. I defend myself with it. I can strike a fearful blow with it. Watch, Tilly, and see how gracefully it moves.'

" 'Almost like a snake,' said Tilly, with a shudder.

" 'There are none so blind as those who will not see,' said Iggie. 'I shall waste no more time. I'm hungry.' So he hurled himself down through the branches.

"Tilly joined her friends in the trees. There was a great flock of toucans. One was kept on guard to give a signal if danger came near. They flew through the great trees, perching here and there, to pick fruit from the branches.

"Tilly was a large bird, almost two feet in length. She was also a heavy bird. And the best fruit had a provoking way of always hanging out on long slender stems that could not hold up the weight of a toucan. Monkeys could hang down from higher limbs and snatch the tempting bits. Humming birds could pause in their flight to sip the honey from the flowers, and but for Tilly's broad, strong beak she would often have gone without a meal.

"With this long bill, almost as long as herself, she could sit comfortably on a strong branch and reach the very choicest fruits with ease. For, although the bill of a Toucan is so large, it is not heavy, as it is built over a delicate, light framework instead of being solid, and Tilly Toucan's toes were made for sitting on limbs. Her short, strong legs each had four sturdy toes, two turning forward and two backward, so that when she perched they held on to the branch like a vise.

"As Tilly plucked fruit she thought of Iggie and what he had said about her. Of course there was no accounting for tastes. And then she heard the sentry cry out in

warning. At once the flock of clumsy, bright-colored birds arose from the trees.

"One of their number was in trouble. A native had almost captured it, for toucans are very good eating at certain seasons. But toucans are loyal. Instead of flying away the flock flew at the one who had dared hurt one of their number. They flapped their great black-and-crimson wings in his face while the injured one righted itself and flew away, followed by his companions.

"Tilly was so indignant that she almost forgot about Iggie, but as they neared another great group of trees, she saw something most beautiful. High up in a tree was the most beautiful bird Tilly had ever seen. It was about the size of a pigeon with a gay little crest on its head, brilliant plumage of iridescent greens and crimsons, and slender tail feathers, gorgeously colored and fully two feet in length. Tilly flew near the beautiful creature. 'How lovely you are!' said Tilly, 'and how graceful! Do tell me who you are.'

" 'I am a trogon,' said the bird, 'though sometimes I am called a quetzal, but beauty alone is not always the most pleasant thing to have. Now you are so substantial and strong, really, I envy you. It's nice to be beautiful, of course, but not always convenient. I would rather be a little less graceful and a little more sturdy and strong.'

" 'You are trying to be pleasant to me,' said Tilly. 'I think you are kind, as well as beautiful. Once I thought

I was beautiful, but now I know I am not. Vivid color without grace is not beauty.'

" 'You should remember your strength and be thankful for that,' said the Quetzal. 'True, I am made much of. For generations I have been worshiped by the natives here as a god; they even pick up and cherish a fallen feather.'

" 'I'm here too,' said a voice, and Iggie thrust forth his head from the leaves. 'I've been listening and I see now that I am not the most beautiful thing in the jungle.'

" 'You are strong,' said the Quetzal. 'That should be enough. My picture is the emblem of the country of Guatemala because I am beautiful and because I love to be free and never can live in captivity. But that does not help me. My beautiful tail is long and it hampers me in flying. I have little with which to defend myself. I have beauty, and I am glad for that, but you have strength; find something to do with it.'

" 'I find my food,' said Iggie, blinking his beady eyes.

" 'But Tilly has a nest high up in a tree, where she cares for her family. You lizards are lazy. You simply put your eggs in the sand by the water side and forget about them,' said the Quetzal, severely.

" 'Oh, well,' said Iggie, 'iguana babies are clever enough to care for themselves. But what has that to do with being beautiful?'

" 'You would never understand,' said the Quetzal, turning his proud, crested head.

"'I do,' said Tilly, 'but, after all, I guess I'm too much like Iggie. I'm always thinking about getting the ripest fruit for myself.'

"'A little while ago,' said the Quetzal, 'I saw a flock of toucans protect one of their number that was in danger. They need not have bothered, but they did. That was loyalty, and that is better than beauty.'

"'But,' said Tilly, 'that wasn't anything. We are what is called gregarious; we like to go about in flocks. It is just the way of the toucans.'

"'I like it,' said the Quetzal. 'I suppose, Iggie, when a native throws a noose up over your next-door neighbor to-morrow, that you will try and help him scramble out of it.'

"But Iggie had disappeared among the leaves of the great tree.

"'Hmmm,' he said, as he scrambled along. 'I don't want to be beautiful. I'm a lizard and I like to be lizard-y.'

"Quetzal smiled to himself. 'Well, Iggie has herbivorous habits, so we will have to forgive him the rest,' said he; 'but I wouldn't worry, Tilly Toucan, about being beautiful, for'—and he chuckled over his joke—'our beauty is just feather deep.'"

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